CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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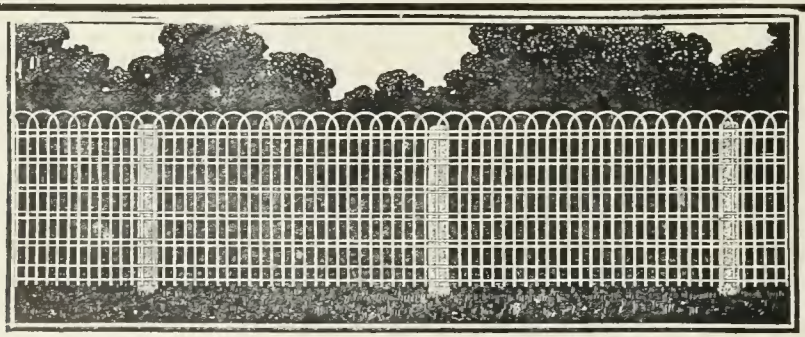

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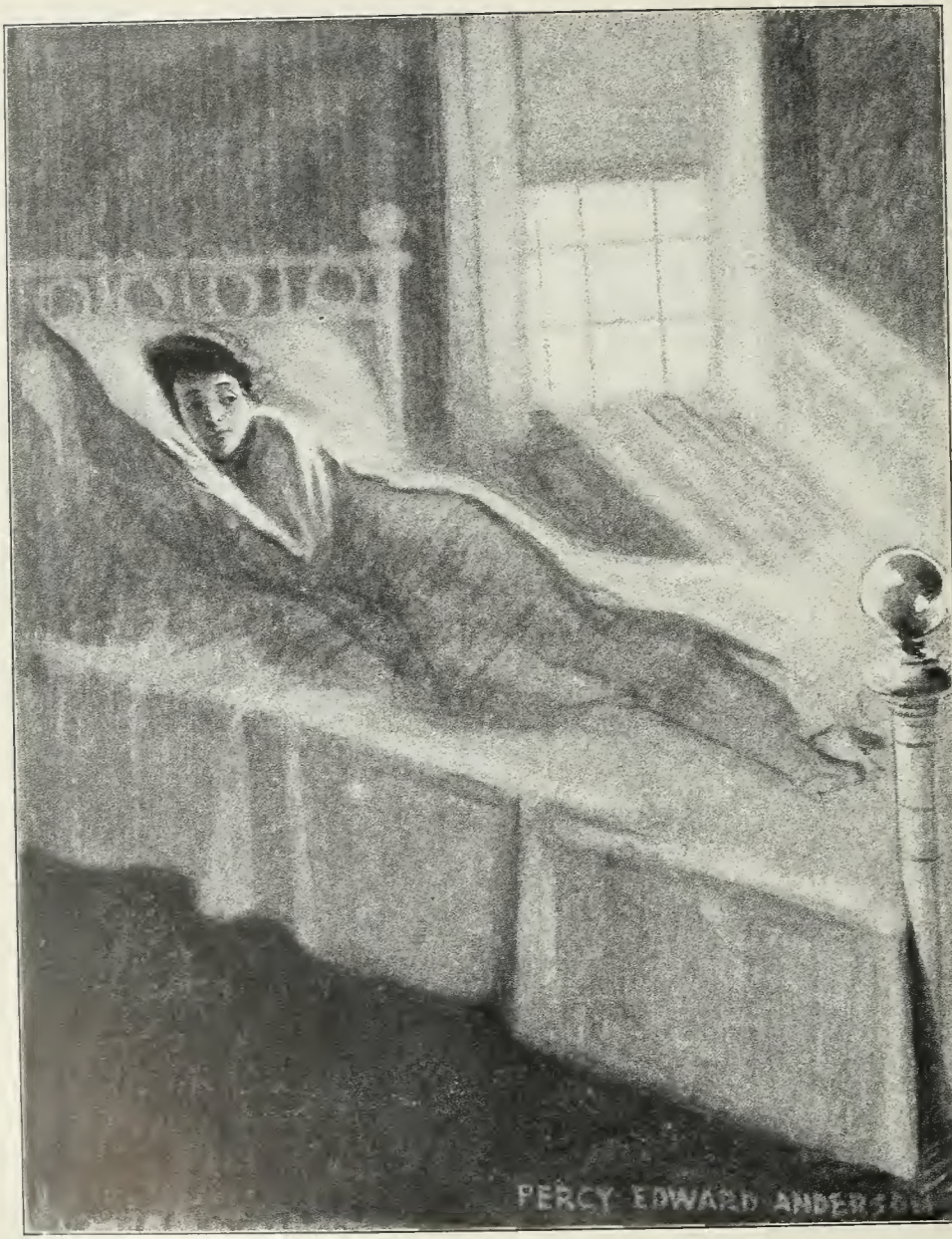
"ŒSTRE"

BY WILL D. EATON

Beyond birth, beyond the last grave before it, below the rim of time that was beyond that grave, what memories lie of lives and deaths that I shall never know again until I have reached heights transcending all horizons. And they shall be softened in renewal, and give me strength, not terror. The transmutations have been upward alway, and I put forth the mystery of prayer that past the graves and births to come, I still may rise, and help up others; in compensation of old wrongs that I have done. In all-enfolding silence and the night, I look upon the skies, through space between the constellations, and know infinity to be but shoreless life. A star falls. Lo! a new world is born.

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."



Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson

The Garden of Dawn—see page 296

"I SHALL LOOK AT THE BRASS KNOB AND IN THREE MINUTES—IN ONE MOMENT—
I SHALL ENTER THE GARDEN OF DAWN"

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VII. LONDON, MARCH NUMBER 5

THE SOIL VERSUS THE FOOD TRUSTS

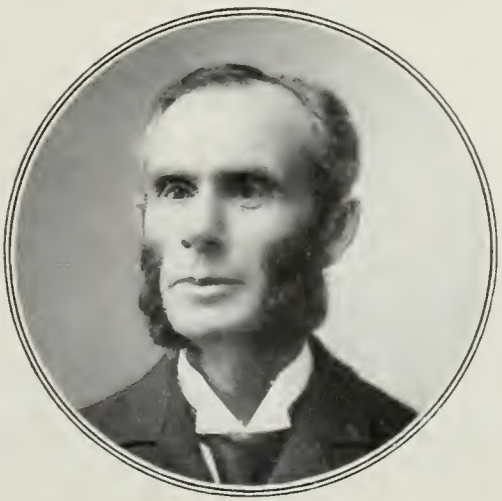
BY PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW

Author of "Forage Crops," "Animal Breeding," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL over the world, protests against the increased cost of living are going up from the people. Boycotts against the great packers of the world have been planned, and families have solemnly pledged themselves to vegetarianism in the effort to reduce the cost of meat; humorists have indulged in paragraphs relative to a thing which is "worth its weight in butter," and all Christendom wrestles with the problem of obtaining food stuffs at a price compatible with moderate incomes.

These protests, while praiseworthy in themselves, are not attacking the vital issue. The question is not how men may obtain dressed meat from the trusts at a few cents less per pound; but how can conditions causing this increased price be remedied? The answer is: conserve the soil; protect from reckless and wasteful farming the vast new areas of land now being opened up; handle crops scientifically and make the traditional two blades of grass grow where only one grows now.



PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW

Soil conservation is easier and less expensive than soil restoration. Here in Western Canada rich territory is being opened to settlement by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Canadian farmers, with this wonderful area under their hands, may profit by the mistakes of the farmers in the older wheat districts of the United States. Indeed, unless the methods followed by

RAILWAY STATION AT MELVILLE, CENTRE OF A REGION WHERE WASTE IS YET UNKNOWN

RIVERS—IN THREE YEARS FROM RAW PRAIRIE TO A BUSY LITTLE TOWN

WATROUS IS ANOTHER RICH, UNTOUCHED AREA

the American farmer are not radically changed, I feel safe in predicting that within a period of ten years or less, the United States will be importing wheat from the grain fields of Western Canada

That the evil which has brought about these inflated prices is less marked in Canada than in the United States is proven by the fact that living in Canada is cheaper than it is in the United States. A recent careful comparison shows that the cheapest cuts of beef were found to be ten cents per pound in Detroit, as compared with six and one-half cents in a Canadian city of about the same size. Cabbages were eight to fifteen cents in Detroit as against five to seven cents in Canada, turkeys twenty-five cents as compared to twenty cents; chickens, fifteen cents as against eleven cents; salt pork, twenty as against thirteen cents. While the consumer in Detroit pays thirty-five cents a pound for butter the consumer in Alberta pays only twenty-eight cents and at the same time the farmer of Alberta gets a better price for his butter than the farmer near Detroit, a beneficent condition which has been made possible by the work of the Provincial government dairies..

"Obviously," says James J. Hill, in speaking of the economic crisis now confronting the United States, "we are not producing food stuffs enough. We must enlarge the farming area of the earth, or we must apply scientific principles to farming. We must adapt ourselves to conditions as best we can, while we are going through the slow, tedious process of making the soil yield more abundantly."

The United States has made the mistake of meeting the demands of an ever-increasing population by multiplying its acres of farm land, by going in for quantity, not quality, and Western Canada, with her vast areas of rich

UNIMPAIRED SOIL IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BIG ELEVATORS LIKE THESE AT THE NEW TOWN OF SCOTT

S. A. BEDFORD
Professor of Field Husbandry at Manitoba Agricultural College

virgin soil, much of it yet to be tapped by rail, is apt to fall into the same grievous mistake, forgetting that because a man has an unlimited purse is no reason why he should waste its contents.

Last fall at the new town of Rivers on the Grand Trunk Pacific, a farmer told me he had just burned all the straw grown on his farm that summer.

"Your country is a splendid cattle country," I told him. "Why do you burn your oat-straw when it has at least one-half the value of good hay?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't need it," he said carelessly.

Here again is the seed of the problem that is puzzling the political economists of the older lands. This man is wasting his heritage because at the moment he does not need it.

The Dominion government by sane legislation and the establishment of experiment farms all over the country, is doing its best to counteract the tendencies to fall into this mistake but to make it absolutely sure, the cooperation of the farmer is necessary. He must apply his knowledge of improved methods to the actual cultivation of his land.

It is not enough to say: "Back to the soil." It is not enough to scatter your cities' population to the farms. When we get them there, we must teach them to farm better than nine-tenths of our American farmers now know. I believe that statistics would show that not over half of the farms in the United States are more than half under cultivation every year. By this, I mean that our present methods are so loose and slipshod and exhaustive of the soil that it becomes necessary for the average farmers to let about half of their tillable land lie fallow every other year in order that it may recuperate.

One of the most approved systems is that which involves the use, as a soil replenisher, of such crops as red clover, alfalfa, vetch and the Canadian field pea, all of which are allowed to come to maturity and are then plowed into the ground. By the growth of these leguminous plants, not only can the fertility of the soil be maintained, but increased, and the continued heavy crops insured. The farmer becomes more prosperous and land rapidly increases in value.

DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, C.M.G., LL.D.
Director of Experiment Farms for Canada since 1885

It is computed that clover in one crop puts into the soil enough nitrogen and humus for about three crops of wheat. Whether clover can be grown and how best to assure a crop is therefore of vital importance to every farmer in Western Canada who realizes that where he continues to raise grain, the soil is sooner or later exhausted of the nitrogen necessary to raise good crops.

Nitrogen is one of the big things the soil needs, but it may be supplied from the air, and there is enough in the air to raise all the grain everybody wants for a million years. Clover, which averages forty pounds of nitrogen to the ton, is considered the best of plants to return this property from the air to the soil.

Alfalfa, too, the best and most prolific of all forage crops, the one requiring the least care and the most powerful in maintaining itself perennially through its own inherent vitality, keeps the soil well supplied with nitrogen and can be very easily grown in the West. Alfalfa could be made a powerful weapon against the food trusts. It not only replenishes the soil, but if it were more generally used as fodder, the price of raising cattle would be lessened, and so the ultimate cost of meat to the consumer would be reduced. Virgin alfalfa lands in Western Canada are fully equal in value, acre for acre, with the highest-priced lands in the United States. The editor of the Calgary Trade Gazette, who has farmed for several years in Alberta, grew a mixed crop of clover and alfalfa and by the middle of June he "could hardly walk through it."

The most remarkable feature of the alfalfa field is its lasting power. In old Mexico there are fields that have been cropped for two hundred years without re-seeding. Professor Emery, of the Agricultural College at Bozeman, Montana, reports alfalfa fields in the Yellowstone district that have been cropped for sixteen years. In parts of Montana three crops are cut each season—four tons an acre being a fair average.

I have referred to the country along the new line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and with reason. I was deeply impressed by what I saw there. This untouched area of soil affords the greatest opportunity for experiment that has been offered to the farmer in many years. The growth of the new towns is startling; Wainwright, Rivers, Melville, Scott, Watrous, have grown from raw prairie to thriving and busy little cities in the scant three years since the laying of the steel.

Why has their growth been so rapid? Because the territory, once tapped by a railway, was so rich and proved so abundantly productive that these outlets to the markets of the older lands were imperative. Elevator has risen beside elevator, wagon after wagon comes into town, loaded with the products of the soil, box-car after box-car carries the produce away to the hungry east.

Meanwhile in the United States good citizens are crying out upon the trusts and ascribing to them the fact that Smith, Jones and Robinson pay more for their loaves of bread than did their fathers. More expensive loaves, indeed! And why should not the loaves be more expensive when soil that ten years ago was yielding thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, is now giving a scant fourteen? The wealth of the soil has been wasted, and somebody must pay the piper.

It would astound you if I were to say what the state of North Dakota alone loses each year in fertility. I have made the most careful estimates on this subject and the showing is almost appalling. The same thing may come true of the farm lands of Western Canada, the conditions in the two countries being identical. No country can continue indefinitely to ship out its fertility. The end must come at last. The lands of the Canadian West, like the lands of the northwestern states, show a most remarkable fertility, and it is astonishing what the yield has continued to be under the circumstances. But if North Dakota's example is followed the yield of wheat must fall, as it is now falling in the Dakotas and Minnesota.

I estimate that in wheat and flax alone the state of North Dakota is shipping out each year fertility to the amount of fifty million dollars. It

would cost this sum annually if the farmers had to buy what they are losing, as the farmers of the east have to buy it. You will understand from this fact what the problem of the preservation of soil fertility means.

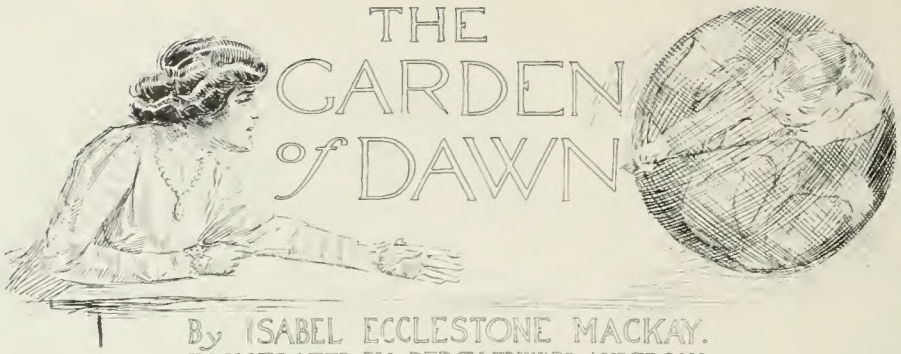
THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENT FARM

There are few things more beautiful than a crop of wheat on rich and flourishing soil, and there is absolutely nothing more discouraging to the trained eye than a scanty crop fighting for existence on wornout and misfarmed fields. For instance, I rode through the Dakotas one sunny day last fall, through what had been, not so long ago, some of the best wheat land in the western United States. A warm wind was blowing from the west, and all about the horizon there was a veil of dust. From some fields it rose in a cloud like the smoke from a prairie fire. The soil, robbed of its humus by twenty years of small-grain cropping, *was blowing away*. Every summer fallow was giving to the winds its quota of the soil which it took nature thousands of years to create. The land which once produced forty bushels of wheat, a hundred bushels of oats to the acre, here indicated yields of fifteen bushels of wheat and forty of oats. The people there will not admit it, but the unprejudiced and competent observer need have no doubt. Crop-rotation, humus-creating grasses and nitrogen-producing legumes must be resorted to in order to make up the waste of a few years.

It is this careless method of farming in the United States which has made trusts possible, and has forced up the price of food-products by lowering the ratio of crop-production.

The conservation of natural resources ought to begin right on your own farm. In that undulating field of yours, the bare spots in the hollows and the washed places on the slope should be covered with fresh fertilizer; the fields where the wheat and the oats are beginning to fail should be sown with alfalfa, clover or field peas, one crop of which puts into the soil just so much new life. A crop of field peas can be harvested by hogs. It will pay your farmer as well as a good crop of wheat would pay him; the expense of harvesting will be saved, and the soil enriched.

From Winnipeg west to Edmonton, and beyond to the valley of the Peace, is an almost unbroken expanse of fertile soil, perhaps unequaled on earth in natural richness. *Don't let that soil go to waste.* Remember an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Remember that soil-conservation is easier and less expensive than soil-restoration, and it is on the farmer that the prosperity of a nation depends. If you will make every acre do its work, if you will make it count for all that is in it, you will soon hear less talk of meat boycotts—and your food-trusts will be routed by the power of the soil.



By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON.

I AM beginning to be afraid of the new doctor! He is not stupid like Dr. Henshaw, and he says very little. He has ordered all the medicine to be discontinued—an alarming indication of understanding, though in itself a relief. He does not bother me with questions but he watches me. He is watching me all the time. If he sees no more than Dr. Henshaw this will make no difference, but he may see more. I am afraid he will. At any rate I am going to write down a brief record of what has happened to me in case I should—well, in any case it may be wise to write it down.

When I first came to Beechcroft to rest after the horror and strain of Guy's illness I thought that this little room with its window to the sea, its green walls, its white curtains, its white bed and its silence was the loveliest place this side of Heaven. I used to lie for hours upon the bed, not moving so much as a finger, not thinking even, steeped in a complete and delicious indifference; occasionally Nurse Agnes would quietly open the door and nod and smile; she did not expect me to speak or to nod in answer, even a smile would have been beyond me.

There were brass knobs on the posts of my white bed, quite large knobs, very shining. At first I was indifferent to them as to everything else, then they annoyed me, like a jarring note, and then I found myself staring at them idly and with a certain pleasure. I do not remember when I first found out about them. All the early part of my experience seems so far away that it is with difficulty that I can reconstruct it; but one day I noticed that, at a certain time of the day when the sun shone brightly on the left-hand knob, if I looked at it very steadily and for a long time it made me sleep. At least it was not sleep, I think, for I did not consciously close my eyes, or dream, or wake up drowsily, but I lost all count of time. I seemed to sink into and become a part of some great sea of peace. You must imagine, for I cannot tell you, what a blessed thing it was to lose all account of everything, even of Nurse Agnes looking in and smiling.

Each day I waited more and more eagerly for the sun to glow brightly upon the shining knobs, each day I sank more quickly and easily into sleep. The days came up like shadows and I was a shadow slipping through them.

This was before I began to think and it seems, looking back, to have lasted a long time, but, little by little, for I had been almost too tired to creep back to life at all, the tide of exhaustion turned and presently I could think a little. When I thought I wondered; facts that I had read came back to me and I told myself that by staring at the bright brass ball I had, in some odd fashion, hypnotized myself. The thought excited me a little, for once, away back in the old life, we had played with hypnotism all one season. I remembered how we used to try to waken ourselves at a time set down overnight and how I was the only one who had never been able to do it. I wondered, in a vague way, if I could do

it now and my mind seemed to fasten eagerly upon this little shred of interest. After that when I stared at the brass ball I would tell myself to waken up in one hour, or two or three, or at any time I fancied and I found it quite easy. I always did wake at exactly the proper time. In a few days I went a step farther. I tried saying, "when I wake I shall feel a little stronger," and whether there was power in the suggestion or whether I was getting better anyway, both nurse and doctor were surprised at a rapid improvement.

"It is because she sleeps so much," Nurse Agnes would say. "We have never had a patient who slept so well." And Dr. Henshaw would shake his stupid old head wisely and twist his eyeglasses and say, "It is *Our Air!*"

Not until I became wonderfully better and could sit out upon the balcony and take little walks with Nurse Agnes did I begin to regret getting well. Before that I had not had enough feeling to regret anything; but out in the air and the sun with life calling to me, a terrible depression came. I began to know how lonely I was, how utterly without purpose in my life; how devastating had been the wreck in which Guy had gone down. Not even a bit of flotsam—only me tossed up on the face of a blank sea.

"WHERE DO YOU VANISH?" HE ASKED, "ARE YOU A GODDESS?"

It was somewhere back in those

empty days that the first thought of my experiment came to me. I had been trying, idly, to recall the word used in connection with our play-experiments which would explain my ability to waken myself at a given time. The name slipped in upon me, "auto-suggestion"? Of course auto-suggestion was the word, and with it came back many things which I had heard or read about its mysterious power. I remembered, still idly, that in a hypnotic state the subliminal mind (we used to make great fun of our subliminal minds) takes hold of any suggested idea and makes it over into reality—for the time being. Then the thought came, why not try? Why not create for myself a new world since my old world was so empty?

I laughed at the idea, but it grew. I began to play with the dream of a world of my own—a world with love in it! I did not want anything in my new world but love. I had had almost everything else in this world and had found it all so bitter; but love, as I dreamed of it, I had never had. Guy? I had never loved Guy—that was partly what made the end of it all so dreadful—

One day I stared at the brass knob and said to myself, quite solemnly and with curious confidence, "When I sleep I shall meet one I love." I said it over and over and added, "I shall meet one I love in a pleasant place!"

The blank of my waking-up was a bitter disappointment. I laughed a little at myself for having actually expected something; but in spite of ridicule my mind went searching, searching after an explanation and presently I remembered that hypnotized people never remember anything of the hypnotic state unless commanded to do so. Perhaps something *had* happened and I had quite forgotten all about it. The idea seemed almost crazy but I could not get away from it and next day when I repeated my suggestion I was careful to add, "I shall remember all about it when I wake up."

It is well that the remainder of my story has been written down already. I could not finish it now. I could not throw myself back into that old outgrown mood of mind and trace my gradual progress from unbelief to gracious and secure knowledge. The effort I have made to tell the very beginnings of it has exhausted all my strength. I find it so hard to understand that old self of mine, I cannot realize that there was a time when I laughed—*laughed* at what seemed a foolish dream!

But my diary, begun that second day of the experiment, is open to all who care to read.

THE DIARY.

June 1.—What a strange experience! It was a dream, of course, but such a vivid dream. I am as tired and as happy as if it had been real. Nurse Agnes looks grave. She wants to know if I have been attempting to walk without her help and looks almost worried when I assure her that I have not left my bed. It is true that I feel very tired. In my dream I walked through an avenue of arching trees to an open space, a wild garden running over with flowers, and I wandered for a long time by a brook that sang in clear sunshine. It was so real. The long grasses and creeping plants caught and tangled about my ankles and when I bent to loosen them my hands set free their sweet wild perfume. I picked the flowers, too, and made them into little boats to sail along the stream, the moss by the brook was soft and fragrant—

Usually I do not dream, I suppose that is why this dream seemed so wonderful. I must be careful not to fancy that my idle experiment had anything to do with it. I can see a danger and a disappointment in that. I must be careful not to exalt a mere coincidence into something little short of a miracle.

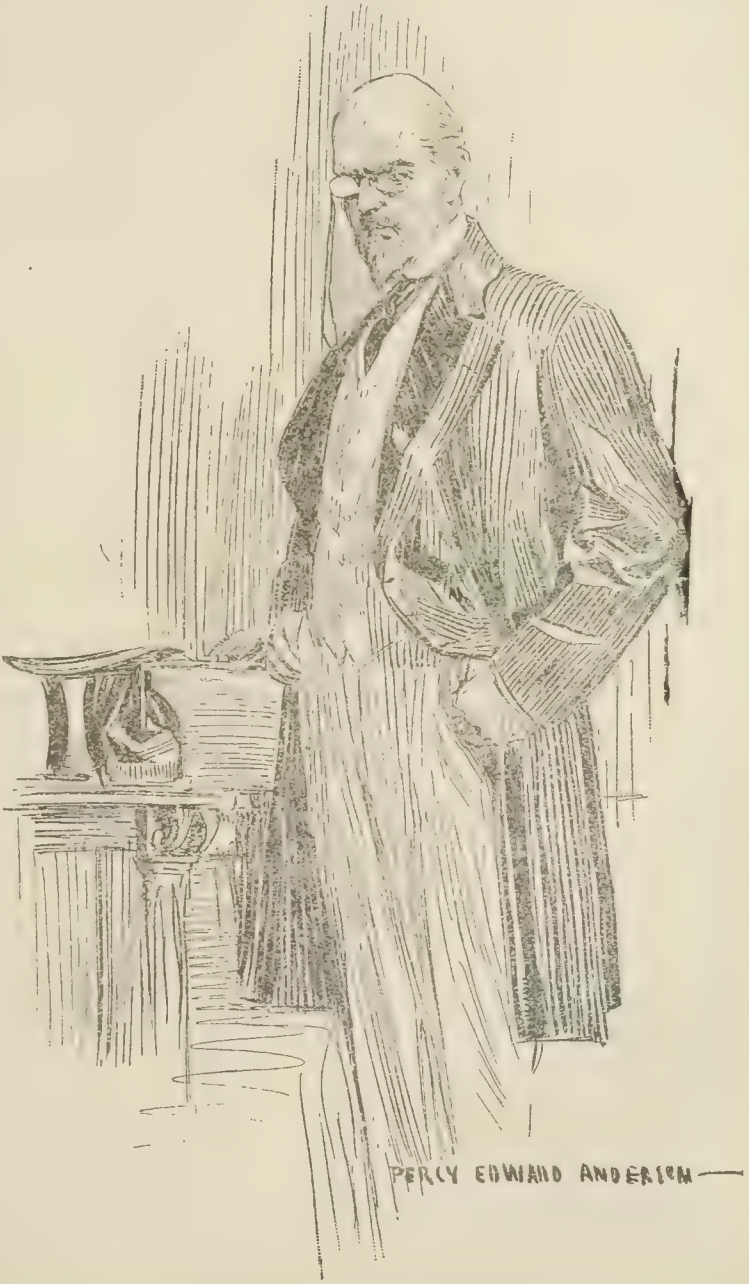
They say that one is apt to dream about something which has occupied one's thoughts; so that there is no need at all to call in self-hypnotism as a possible explanation. I went to sleep thinking about—well, I was not thinking about anything consciously, but away down under I may have been thinking about just such a garden in

the woods. It is curious that the dream should have followed my auto-suggestion about a "pleasant place," but stranger things than that happen constantly. As for the—the one I met there, I may have been thinking about him too—without knowing it at all!

You see the danger of letting myself think that any suggestion may have influenced the dream lies in the natural deduction that, had I done it once, I might be able to do it again. I might be able to go again to the garden. Next time I might speak to him—see how wildly the mere idea is making me write? To-morrow I will try the experiment again, just to make myself absolutely sure of the foolishness of my fancies!

Nurse Agnes says that I must not try to take my usual walk to-day, but I do not mind. It is dull walking round and round with Nurse Agnes. I will sit on the balcony and think of my dream instead.

They say that all dreams are merely reproductions of things one has seen or heard or experienced in some way; that they cannot contain any thing new. I wonder where I could have seen the face in my dream? Not on anyone living, I know, for I should never have forgotten; but perhaps in some of those wonderful old paintings! We were always in such a hurry in Europe that



"THE PATIENT, BEFORE SINKING INTO THIS SLEEP-STATE, FIXED HER EYES ON THE BRIGHT BRASS KNOBS ON THE POSTS OF HER BED."

I never seemed to get more than a glimpse of them. Could I have carried away some unconscious but ineffaceable impression? I cannot believe it, yet it is a possible solution—and it can't do any harm for me to amuse myself in seeking solutions. Then there was the peculiar dress he wore—Roman, I think. It was exactly what he should have worn anyway; simple and dignified, even beautiful. I wonder why men have allowed themselves to lose all the poetry out of their clothes?

It seems a long time until to-morrow!

June 2.—I am going to try again. It will come to nothing and then I shall see how foolish I have been. Nurse Agnes has left me for my afternoon sleep. It will be lonely when I wake up and know that yesterday's dream was an isolated experience—one that will never come again.

Later.—I am almost afraid to write it. I am breathless with the wonder of it but it *did* come again! It is foolish to make much of it. Dreams do come twice and even thrice I have heard. It seems almost unfortunate that it should have happened so to me, the inevitable disappointment will be so much the keener. For I cannot help hoping, I *can't* help it!

The odd thing about it is that there is no sense of dreaming. It is all absolutely real. It is as if I had stepped through a door into another world or, rather, into another part of this same world. When I wake there is no sense of waking from a dream—it is simply that now I am here, whereas a moment ago I was there. But what a difference! There the sweet, wood-scented air and the splashing brook, here a faint scent of drugs, the distant rattle of a lawn-mower. How could I ever have thought this little green-walled room a haven of rest? I hate it! It is a prison—the glaring sunlight hurts my eyes.

I may as well give up trying not to think. Perhaps it is better to let my mind go its own way. What harm can it do to imagine the joy it would be if that dream world were mine? Mine to enter and dwell in whenever I wish! What a wonderful, beautiful thing. And how unthinkable—

He spoke to me to-day. I had dropped my flowers and he gathered them up for me. He took my hand and bent down, he is very tall, to look into my face.

"Where do you vanish?" he said. "Twice I have seen you and twice I have lost you suddenly. Are you a goddess?"

I despair of making anyone understand the *realness* of it. As his hand touched mine I trembled with happiness. I seemed to have no past—to know only one thing, that I was in a pleasant place and that this was one I loved! A strange new gaiety was upon me. I felt young and light and oh, so full of possibility, something like I used to feel, long ago, before all the trouble and the pain. I looked up into his eyes wide-open and alight. And my own eyes fell. I knew that if I tried to answer him my lips would tremble.

"Tell me," he commanded, drawing me closer, confidently, yet with a certain reverence, "why did you leave me? Why have you left me twice? If you are a goddess, stay with me. Let the gods smite me if they will!"

"I am no goddess," I said, "I do not know what I am—only just myself!" I blushed and faltered, trying, in sudden panic, to draw away my hand.

"No," he said, "if I let you go you may vanish as you did before." and leading me like a child he placed me on a mossy seat and piled the flowers in my lap.

"You are bewildered," he said. "After the dark woods the sudden sunshine dazzles you—as the wonder of your coming dazzles me. But see, I will not question you. It is not wise to probe the gods' determined mysteries. Might it not be that you were made for me, and that first day you came your earliest on earth? Only say that you will not leave me! Twice have I seen you—that wonderful first time, and one other when you passed me by without a word, nor did I dare to speak. You made little flower boats and sent them down the stream"—

"I remember that," I interrupted, eagerly, "but what do you mean by the first time? Was there another time? I do not know." Yet even as I spoke my mind began to cloud with mists of memory—a half-recollection stirred me of something poignantly sweet and dear—I grasped for it, but it was gone. Meanwhile his eyes held mine in proud and hurt surprise. "If there was another time, tell me of it," I entreated him.

Only a long look answered me and, after an effort which was almost agony, the memory came again, fleetingly, a sudden up-rush of some forgotten bliss, a certainty that we had indeed met here before and known each other and—the memory left me like a light blows out. "Indeed I would remember if I could!" I cried in real distress. "But I seem unable. Why is my mind not clear, I have been very ill I think, everything seems so confused—except yesterday and sending the flower-boats down the stream. What is this beautiful peace and—who are you?"

Still he made no answer but, looking in his eyes, the answer came—"One I love!" The words flashed up in my mind so vividly that I imagined I had spoken them and turned my crimson face away.

"Do you indeed forget the name, beloved?" he whispered, and I answered, "No."

"As for this place," he went on gladly, "what does it matter? It is beautiful but, until you came, its beauty mocked a hard reality. It masked a desert of dead hopes. Do you hear that soft thunder through the trees? It is the sea."

"I love the sea."

"Yes, I loved it once, before it separated me from home and fame and friends."

"You are an exile?" I asked, wondering.

He turned glad eyes to me.

"I *was*," he said——

There is no need that I should write down what passed between us. The little that I have tried to write has grown stiff and soulless in the writing. How could I hope to be able to reproduce the thrill and the glory?—thinking of her own first love one woman here and there may understand.

I live it over and over, every word, every gesture. I know it is foolish; to-morrow, when the dream refuses to return, I shall know how foolish. But for the present—

For hours we wandered through the garden and by the brook. He implored me not to leave him and I did not know what he meant. It seemed so impossible that I should ever of my own will, leave him! Then, suddenly, with no warning shock of transition, I was awake, a prisoner in this room. What does it mean? I have wondered until my brain is weary, and wondering does no good. Will it come again to-morrow? I dare not hope—yet hope torments me!

I have thought out a fantastic solution to the problem of that first meeting to which he referred so confidently and which, in my dream, I seemed always *just about* to remember but which altogether escapes me now. What if it be self-hypnotism after all? There was that one day when I began the experiment but did not add the clause that I should remember afterward. What if we met that day?

I am getting absurd. I will stop writing. Nurse Agnes is vexed with me for being so weary—

June 9.—A whole week and I have not dared to try my experiment! I have been ill again. But now, to-day, I am stronger and I must try it. I must convince myself of my folly. Its hold upon my imagination increases—beyond all reason.

Later.—It is true! It must be true. How can it be a dream when I bring it at my pleasure? Beyond reason! Reason is a poor thing, surely, when it refuses to be reasonable. If I know a thing is real, it is real—that is surely reasonable. I am breathless with the joy of it.

He was sitting on the mossy seat, quite still, his head bowed upon his hands. I went to him quickly and touched him on his shoulder. He looked up.

"You?" he said, dazedly; "you?"

The change in him frightened me. He looked so stern and pale. Yet it

seemed only a moment since I had left him smiling and content. The week of separation did not exist for me save as a background of half-understood confusion and pain.

"I thought that you would not come again," he added, heavily.

"Have I been long away?" timidly.

He seized my hands in a crushing grasp!

"What is this?" he asked, fiercely. "What horrible spell is it that tortures me? You say you are no goddess—can mortals vanish, then, and leave no trace? Where have you hidden that I could not seek you out?"

"I do not know," I faltered. "You—you hurt my hands."

"They at least seem flesh and blood," he said, not relaxing his grip. Then suddenly he flung them from him.

"Why did you return?" he cried. "Leave me now—I will not be driven mad again!"

The injustice of it nerved me.

"You are angry," I said, "but you blame me for what is not my fault. It seems to me but a moment since I sat upon this moss beside you, yet you reproach me with an absence which I do not understand."

"Is it so? Forgive me. But there is something terrible here. Am I mad? Or does some strange spell snatch you from my sight. I know, or think I know, that long days and nights have found me here alone or madly searching for you! Was not failure, was not exile, enough? Must I lose all that is left, my own self-mastery?"

His wildness shook him like a storm. I felt suddenly very little and lonely and forlorn.

"You," he went on, "you so frail, such a little thing—you are stronger than my own soul. Where Cæsar could not conquer, you have conquered—but leave me now, unless you come to stay forever—"

I burst into helpless weeping.

In a moment he had gathered me into his arms. "Stay here," he whispered, "Jove himself shall not steal you from my arms."

At once I felt quite comforted and happy.

"Jove?" I said. "Poor old heathen. He left Olympus long ago!"

But my lover placed his finger on my lips. "Hush! Speak not lightly of the gods!" he said.

When we both felt calmer, I asked him to explain to me how it was that I "vanished." He said that he did not know—only that he had turned from me a moment and in that moment I had gone. Nor could he find the smallest trace of my going. This seemed as inexplicable to me as it did to him for it seems that in that world I cannot remember this one save in a very indistinct and shadowy way, nor can I grasp the necessary thread of connection to make what I do remember of any use to me. Literally I am like the wind and do not know whence I come or whither I go. My vanishing must, of course, correspond with my waking and varies in point of time as the duration of my sleep varies. I always set the time for waking by my invisible clock; usually it is two hours, to-day it was three.

I must be careful. I must not be ill any more. He must not wait a week again—although I think he understands now that I would come if I could—what am I writing! I am thinking of him as *real!*

June 16.—Another week without a written record. I have been too happy and too tired to write! Just now I have been reading over the last entry in this diary—how long ago the writing of it seems. Surely it must be a lifetime and not a week since I doubted, *doubted*, the reality of this experience. It seems outrageously impossible that a week ago I doubted *his* reality. I would go mad at once, raving mad, if I doubted it—now! But doubt is no longer possible. I cannot doubt what I know. It seems merely laughable that I should ever have been so confused as to imagine that he might be but a figment of my own subliminal mind, a kind of dream-reproduction of some old painting I might possibly have seen. Absurd—worse than absurd. I will not waste time and strength in discussing its absurdity. I know that he is as real as I am.

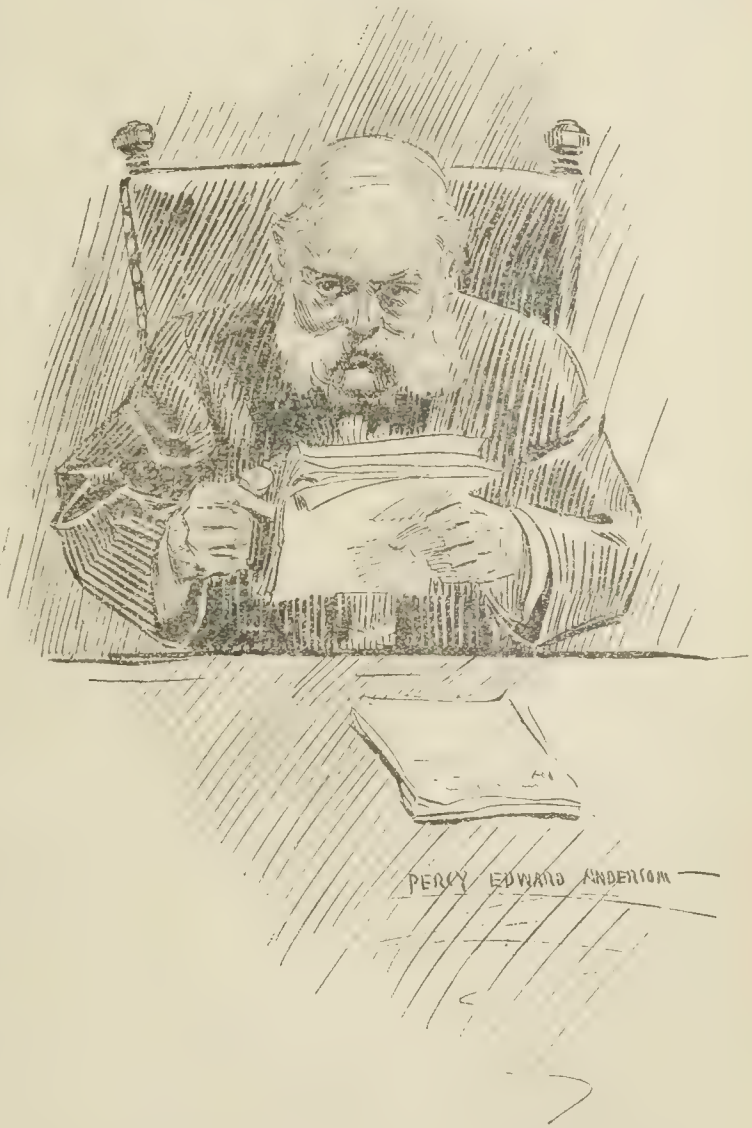
What is it that Paul says: "Whether in the body or out of the body I know

not"—but what difference, as long as it is real? It is a mystery—that is, it will appear to others as a mystery—but my old view point is gone; it is no longer a mystery to me. So long as I can at will enter into his world what matter to me by what door I enter? I do not know nor do I care. He, too, is almost reconciled to my strange outgoings. I vanish, he tells me, as the flame of a candle is blown out by an unfelt wind.

I wonder why it is that it is always morning in the garden? The day there seems never to grow old—the air is always freshly washed by night, there is always dew upon the flowers, the birds are always busy and full of song, it is a veritable garden of dawn. I shall call it that—"The Garden of Dawn."

I stay longer with him now—as long as I dare without provoking some action from Nurse Agnes. I am to be his wife. There is some form of marriage in his world, some ancient form, Roman, perhaps, but it doesn't matter. To-day I surprised and annoyed Dr. Henshaw by asking him for particulars regarding the ancient Roman marriage rite. He did not know, of course. He knows very little, I think.

Yesterday, my lover said, "When we are married this horrible fate which snatches you from me will be powerless. No god would be so cruel as to separate us then." He often talks about the gods, quite as if he believes in them, but we haven't had time for theological discussion yet. Some day I must tell him that the altar fires burn no longer and the gods all left Olympus many a century ago. But he will not understand and I doubt if I could explain it



"LESS SLEEP AND MORE AIR, WAS MY RECOMMENDATION"

clearly. My memory of this world is so confused. I find myself more and more taking his world for granted. It is a beautiful world—a world with love in it!

One day when I had made a wreath of flowers I missed something and said: "Are there no children here—I should like to give my wreath to some happy child."

His face grew sad. "You forget," he told me, "all I loved I had to leave behind."

"Why?" I whispered.

"That I might keep my own soul," he answered.

"And find me?"

"And find you, beloved."

Then he told me about the children he had left behind, a little brother and a sister with wide blue eyes like mine. I could tell how sad the parting had been—how lonely the garden must have seemed! For a moment I felt lonely, too, and I seemed to feel how much the garden needed a little child to run and laugh among the flowers. And I thought—why should I not write it?—how that some day, perhaps, a little child might play there, a little girl-baby with wide blue eyes, like mine!

June 17.—I am a little frightened! Nurse Agnes is getting troublesome. She says she does not believe so much sleep is good for me. I say that sleep is what I came here for, but she shakes her head. She has called in Dr. Henshaw, and he has shaken his head. "Less sleep and more of *Our Air*," he said.

But I will not be deprived of my precious sleep.

"Sleep at night," he argues, "not in the afternoon."

What good would that do? I cannot stare at the brass knobs at night. I told a lie.

"I cannot sleep at night," I said. "That is why I sleep so much in the afternoon."

Nurse Agnes looked at me in puzzled reproof. She knows I do sleep at night—the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. I do not know what to do!

June 18.—I have spoken to Nurse Agnes solemnly. I told her that I believed I would die if anything interfered with my afternoon sleep. She said that the sleep ought to do me worlds of good but that it does not and she would like to understand why. She never had another case at all like mine. However I do not see how they can force me to do as they wish. I am my own mistress.

But I am frightened. I am getting so weak. What if I become quite helpless and they can do with me whatever they like. The idea terrifies me!

June 19.—Such a perfect day! I wonder if ever there lived two people who loved as we love? I have thought over all the old love-stories—so beautiful some of them, but tragic, too. Ours has all the beauty and none of the tragedy—for our love is—perfect. It is odd is it not that my name should be Eve? At least I am his Eve, the only woman in all his world. I do not know his name, names are needless in the world we live in. I call him, "Dear".

To-day I stayed with him a long time. In defiance of Nurse Agnes I put myself to sleep for four hours. We had a long, beautiful talk and he told me about that first meeting which I seem to only half remember. He says that he was walking alone by the brook when suddenly he saw me come out of the opening in the woods. I gazed around me in bewilderment, seemingly almost ready to weep—until I saw him. Then I ran to him, like the first Eve to her mate and, stretching out my arms, I cried: "You are the One I love!" He says, and I believe him, that he loved me quite at once and all his exile's world grew glorious. He felt that he would not have exchanged that meeting for all the pomp and glory that the world could give.

One beautiful thing about this other world is that, in my confused memory of this, all the past, that past of pain and horror, is gone. I think the memory of it would poison even heaven but in this other world of mine, it does not exist. All is as pure and unsullied as the golden light that floods the garden. Sometimes I wonder if it is a part of heaven—but it can't be that.

There is no singing or praying and no one there but just the One I love.

June 20.—A curious thing! As I grow weaker here I grow stronger there. Only to-day he said: "How strong and radiant you grow, beloved," And indeed there is a great change. When I first found the garden a very few times about it tired me. Now I can walk with him through the forest to the sea and feel no weariness. I looked in our mirror, the brook, to-day and saw the color in my cheeks. I feel quite strong and well and happy there. But here I am very weak, I cannot write even these few lines without weariness. I have given up sitting out on the balcony.

June 21.—Oh, I am frightened! The new doctor, Dr. Spencer Bruce, is here. That is why I have written out a statement of how everything started, in case—I do not know what it is that I fear! The new doctor is young and determined and clever, if he finds out about the brass knobs what shall I do? But how can he find out?

He takes great interest in me as a "case". He makes Nurse Agnes tell him every little particular. To-day I overheard him say to her: "Nonsense! There *is* a reason. There is a reason for everything. We must find out what the reason is." But how can he find out?

It is terrible to come back to this nervous unrest, this constant, growing fear, after the peace and joy of the Dawn Garden. We are to be married very soon, I have been putting it off—because I am afraid. He is so sure that marriage will give us to each other for always. But I am not sure at all and so I hesitate. I cannot hesitate much longer.

To-day we sat by the sea. I climbed with him down the cliff quite easily and we watched the waves beat in, and ran along the shore picking up shells and seaweed like children. I felt so strong and young—like that other Eve must have felt in the morning of the world!

June 28.—What shall I do! My brain is numbed with the shock. When I woke to-day it was in a different room, a different bed. *The brass knobs are gone.* I must be very careful. If I go mad now, I may lose him! I will rest.

July 1.—It was the new doctor who ordered removal—without giving any reason. If he suspects my secret he has not told. Perhaps he does not suspect. Perhaps he ordered a different room on general principles. Nurse Agnes does not approve of the change, unless I "like it myself." I have not said that I do not like it. After the first frenzy of fear I have been quite calm. I am gathering up all my strength. I have so little, I shall need it all to win through.

I do not let myself think of him—of his suspense and misery. I dare not. At first I tried to send myself to sleep but the effort was worse than useless. I meet the doctor with a smile—oh, I know how to deceive him with all his calmness!

My brain is so clear. It has never been so clear before. And I have made my plan. I will get myself back into that other room—somehow. I will find the strength; and then, I shall go to him—and not come back.

Why did I not think of this before? It is so simple. If I can time my stay exactly as I please, why, when I place no limit, should not my stay be limitless? Instead of saying: "I shall not wake for three hours," I shall say, "I shall not wake to-day nor to-morrow—I shall never wake," and I shall go on saying, "I shall never wake" until I drop asleep. Then this world, this awful, empty world will be behind me forever. I shall never come back!

Why did I not think of this before? Perhaps because my mind was clouded in some way. It is so *clear* now.

I must pretend to rest at noon. Nurse Agnes will leave me. They do not dream that I can walk or even raise myself without help. It is not far to the other room—my strength must serve me that far. It is the last service I shall ask of it.

It is a fair day. The sun on the brass knobs will be very bright. I shall lie on the bed and in three minutes—in one moment—I shall enter the Garden of Dawn.

NOTE BY SPENCER BRUCE, M.D.

The patient whose hand undoubted-

ly penned the above extracts came under my care upon the twenty-first of June, this year. She was in a very weak state; noticeable symptom long and exhausting period of unconsciousness resembling sleep. After examining the possible causes I concluded that this persistent symptom might proceed from self-hypnotism conscious or unconscious. The nurse seemed to have observed nothing of importance, but after exercising a certain amount of vigilance I noticed that the patient before sinking into this sleep-state, invariably fixed her eyes upon the bright brass knobs upon the posts of her bed. I tested this possible cause by having patient removed, during sleep, to another room. A slight hysterical attack followed upon her waking but, after this had been controlled, an improvement became noticeable almost at once. This improvement continued until the third day when the patient, in absence of nurse, dragged herself back to her former room. The exertion in her exceedingly weak state undoubtedly proved fatal. When found life was quite extinct.

I have examined the patient's papers. I have no opinion to give.

NOTE BY WILLIAM HENSHAW, M.D.

I will confess that the case of this patient puzzles me. I am not often puzzled. Our patients generally make good recoveries as our air is very justly celebrated for its life giving properties. In this case the patient's sudden relapse, when already well on the road to restored health, is quite unaccountable. Personally I attribute it largely to her obstinate refusal to trust herself entirely to my guidance. "Less sleep and more air" was my recommendation. It was disregarded.

I have partially read the patient's papers—quite interesting in their way—but I am a busy man with little time to spare from my extensive practice. Personally I think undue importance has been attached to these papers. As for the remarks concerning myself which they contain they seem to me to be undoubted evidence of a very unbalanced state of mind. Charity forbids me to say more.

NOTE BY NURSE AGNES

I do not know what to say except that I shall blame myself forever for having left her! If I had guessed that she longed for her old room like that I would have carried her back. I did not think she could have recovered anyway, and I do not hold with trying experiments with dying people. As it was, the end came only a little sooner. She was lying just in her old place—smiling in the sunlight from the open window. I never saw a dead person look so *radiant*.

I have read her writings. She liked to amuse herself imagining things, I guess, poor lady!

FRESH FISH

BY

HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE.

MRS. MYLES HARDINGE stopped short in front of Epstein's Provision Emporium with undignified abruptness and a scandalized gasp. She stepped quickly up to the window, raised her lorgnon and gazed long and earnestly.

There were many things in the window. It was dressed with an elaborate border of oyster-shells which surrounded a neat pyramid of tinned meats and bottled pickles of various brands. There was a large stone crock with a card attached, bearing the legend, "*Saurkraut*". There was a basket of eggs....But Mrs. Hardinge saw none of these things; her eyes were glued in a fascinated stare upon the big fish that lay on a great platter among bits of ice and feathery sprays of dark-green parsley. And staring thus, once more she gasped.

Being a lady of action, she marched resolutely into the shop and called for the proprietor. He came waddling forth from some retreat at the rear—a fat little German, beaming with good-nature, his red hands smoothing the white apron across his generous paunch. Mrs. Hardinge raised her lorgnon and looked him over coldly; respectfully expectant, he waited.

"Am I addressing the proprietor of this place? Are you Mr. Epstein?" she demanded.

"I pelief dot iss me," he nodded pleasantly.

"Then I have something to say to you, sir," said Mrs. Hardinge, with growing severity. "You have a fish in your window."

The little man's business smile had begun to waver uncertainly before the forbidding tone of her voice; but it came back reassured at the word, "fish". He shuffled briskly over to the window, nodding as he went.

"First glass, laty. Ten cends der bound. Ve geep der feesh on'y vot iss goot—Ya! Dot iss a qvide frezh feesh—Ya!"

Mrs. Hardinge frowned impatiently.

"I did not come in to make a purchase. I came in here to warn you, Mr. Epstein! Fresh indeed! Do you know, sir, that that fish is still alive?—*still alive?* I distinctly saw it move as I was passing the window! I saw it move *twice!* Are you aware that the Council has passed a by-law under which you are liable to a heavy fine? I

MRS. HARDINGE'S EYES WERE GLUED UPON THE BIG FISH

must ask you to remove that fish at once and have it killed."

During this remarkable speech the fat Mr. Epstein had become the epitome of swollen amazement. He poked a tentative red forefinger at the shiny surface. He poked five times, beginning at the head and ending at the tail. Then he looked up in utter disbelief.

"Der feesh iss det," he objected with conviction. "You haf, laty, von meestake mate. You zee? Dot feesh iss qvide det. Ya?"

"The fish is alive, I tell you!" repeated Mrs. Hardinge, emphatically. "Twice I looked, to be sure my eyes had not played me a trick, and as I said before, sir, I saw it move twice. If you watch it closely, possibly it will move again."

The dumfounded Mr. Epstein scratched his red neck dubiously and stared at the fish. Without once removing his eyes from their piscatorial focus he called aloud for Hans, and that tow-headed young man, who had been peering at them curiously from the rear of the shop, came forward with alacrity. Through all the excited dialogue that bumped along over German gutturals for the next five minutes, Mr. Epstein did not permit his eyes to wander from the fish for an instant. He gesticulated with his fat arms; he spread his fat fingers in the air; his fat face worked with the depth of his emotion; but always he stared at the fish. Presently, Hans leaned over the platter and entered his stare in competition with his father's.

Once more Mr. Epstein thrust a finger forward and poked, while the stare of the two became even more concentrated; but the fish failed to respond. Then Hans poked; only with the same result. Then they both poked at once; Mr. Epstein starting at the head and Hans at the tail, they poked along the fish till their fingers met in the middle. Followed another excited dialogue.

"Laty," said Mr. Epstein, still staring faithfully, "vot iss der part off der feesh dot moved?"

"The tail," replied Mrs. Hardinge, shortly.

"Hans, gif do me dot leedle knife."

Fumbling obediently in his pocket Hans took out his jack-knife, opened the little blade and handed it over. Mr. Epstein carefully proceeded to insert the point of the blade about two inches up from the tail; but nothing happened and he straightened with a sigh of relief and a smile of utter good will.

"Laty, der feesh iss det," he asserted, placidly. "Dot feesh iss as von toorknob det. Der het iss det unt der pody iss det unt der dail iss det—gombledly det!"

"But I tell you I distinctly saw it move!" cried Mrs. Hardinge, determinedly. "My eyesight is good, Mr. Epstein. I have asked you to remove it and kill it. Are you going to do so or not?"

"Ach Himmel! Eet iss so soon alretty det!" resented Mr. Epstein. "Mein eyes iss as your eyes goot. I haf berformed der eggsberimends to der sadisfaction of meinself unt mein son unt der feesh. Ven der feesh iss det, eet iss det! Vot eet iss you vant, hein?"

"I want you to cut off its head to make sure," persisted Mrs. Hardinge, stubbornly. "If you don't—"

"Nein! I vill der feesh sboil nicht! Nein! I vill der feesh kill vot iss det nicht alretty!" asserted Mr. Epstein with dignity.

"Very well! We shall see!"

Mr. Epstein's bewildered stare followed her as she swept haughtily out the door. Then he shook his head and gave it up.

"Dot laty haf a gind hardt, Hans. Nein? Ya?"

Mrs. Hardinge's step was brisk as she walked on down the street, an infallible indication that she was aroused. Nobody in Beamersville who knew Mrs. Hardinge—and, bless you! all the best people in Beamersville knew the Hardinges!—nobody would for a moment have thought of attributing to her any but the highest motives in everything she did. To know Mrs. Myles Hardinge was not merely to know the brightest of the town's social lights; it was to know a model wife, a good mother, a sympathetic friend. And

if her great fault was a tendency to wax over-enthusiastic when she took up a thing, it was surely a fault that might well be overlooked in the face of so many estimable qualities.

That these qualities and even the personal appearance of Mrs. Hardinge should be utterly foreign to poor Mr. Epstein was that worthy individual's misfortune. Had he known who the lady was, he undoubtedly would cheerfully have cut the heads off every fish in his emporium, even though they were as dead as door-knobs, and been happy in the command. So that Mr. Epstein's ignorance in this connection was a thing to be doubly regretted in that he had offended the lady and stepped deliberately in the path of the new movement towards the emancipation of the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea.

The Beamersville branch of the Yorkton Humane Society was only now in process of incubation; in fact, the organization meeting was to be held that very afternoon and at this very moment, Mrs. Hardinge was on her way to the depot as chairman of the reception committee to greet the president and officers of the Yorkton society who were to lend their presence

"DER PEESH ISS DET," OBJECTED MR. EPSTEIN WITH CONVICTION

and inspiration at the inaugural proceedings. So that it was particularly unfortunate that at this particular stage, Mr. Epstein should have undertaken to cross Mrs. Hardinge as he had in her well-meant, if quixotic, intentions.

That the Yorkton officers and the most prominent of those locally interested were to be Mrs. Hardinge's guests at luncheon alone saved him from immediate punishment. As Beamersville's most renowned entertainer, Mrs. Hardinge had quite suf-

"SEEMS TO BE SPEAKIN' THE TRUTH ALLRIGHT," SAID THE CONSTABLE, TURNING TO THE ATTENTIVE LADIES

ficient to occupy her thoughts that morning, laying aside the fact that she was not without a due appreciation of what is known as the "psychological moment"; and by the time she had joined the rest of the reception committee at the depot, she had relegated the incident to the background for the time being. A few hours later, when the chattering guests were ushered into the elegant dining-room and sat down to the most delightful of luncheons, she was still too much engrossed with her duties as gracious hostess to have a thought for aught else.

"Your fish is lovely, my dear," whispered Mrs. Beverly Gayfer, with the conscious license of very dear old ladies as she leaned over from her place at the right of the hostess. "I really believe it is quite the most delicious morsel of fish I ever tasted."

Mrs. Harding hesitated for the barest instant; Mrs. Gayfer was president of the Yorkton society and the subject was fish. But she allowed the opportunity to pass with a smile.

And later in the afternoon, standing before the meeting as president-elect of the Beamersville branch, she was glad that she had refrained from anticipating herself and thereby spoiling the climax of her speech. The psychological moment for recounting the discovery she had made early that morning had now arrived and she knew, as she enlarged upon it, that she was creating a decided impression; for the story was timely and the cause just. She told them eloquently of her amazement at finding that such things as these were happening before their very eyes every day—that live fish were being left gasping on platters in shop windows and being cut up and sold before the spark of life had been extinguished. She was not arguing that the fish should not be used for food; fish was everywhere recognized as a wholesome brain food. But she did think that the fish should not be placed on sale until they were dead. It was surely a matter which deserved the attention of the society and the specific case was one that demanded immediate action on their part.

Mrs. Gayfer followed and in a feeling manner concurred with everything the new president had said. She concluded by moving a resolution strongly condemning the offense and this was carried unanimously and with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hardinge then suggested that as they were through the business of the day, they should go in a body to the shop of Mr. Epstein and lay a formal protest. This, she thought, would have a salutary effect, serving both as a warning to the specific offender and affording an earnest of the new society's initiative.

Thus it came about that at four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, Mr. Epstein, polishing his front window, was positively amazed to see trooping down upon his modest emporium, a procession of well-dressed ladies, headed by his quondam acquaintance of the early morning in earnest conversation with the town constable. He lingered at the window just long enough to make sure of the oncoming pageant's destination; then he waddled frantically to the rear of the shop, his eyes nearly popping out of his head in undisguised fear.

"Mein Gott, Hans! Vot iss? Vot iss?" he cried in a scared voice. "Gome oud, poy, unt holt mit your boor fader glose. Ach, mein Gott! Vot iss?"

He was not long left in doubt. Solemnly, the entire procession filed into the emporium and solemnly they ranged themselves along the walls, almost completely filling the place and quite effectively cutting off retreat to the rear. From behind the counter, Hans stared at the array of strange faces with frank curiosity; while anxiety was written all over his father's fat, perspiring physiognomy in large letters. In the foreground stood the constable and the newly-elected president. Mr. Epstein was doing his utmost to look cheerful; but was scarcely to blame if the attempt fell utterly flat. He uttered an involuntary gasp of apprehension as Mrs. Hardinge stepped coolly towards him and lifted her lorgnon.

"Mr. Epstein," she began with asperity, "you have a fish in your window, I believe."

"Nein! Nein! I haf der feesh took alretty oud!" cried the little man, excitedly. "Zee! Dot feesh iss in der vindow nicht. Ya?"

It was true. The platter was empty.

"Where is it, then?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Laty, dot feesh iss so soon solt alretty. Ya?"

"Sold!" cried Mrs. Hardinge.

"Sold!" echoed Mrs. Gayfer, and a murmur ran along the line from end to end. Mr. Epstein nodded, glancing nervously from one to another.

"I presume, sir, that you first followed the advice I gave you this morning and had the fish killed—"

"Der feesh vos det!" cried Mr. Epstein, excitedly. "I dells you dot feesh vos det!" He turned to Hans for corroboration and that young man nodded in no uncertain manner. "Mr. Gonstable, ven der feesh iss det, you can heem kill some more nicht!" expostulated Mr. Epstein earnestly. "Dot feesh iss det unt dot feesh iss solt to von gustomer alretty!" He picked up a greasy account-book from the shelf behind him and fluttered the pages till he found the entry, then passed it over to the limb of the law. "Dot feesh go oud on der telephone in der morning alretty vonce! Ya!"

"Seems to be speakin' the truth all right," said the constable, turning to the attentive ladies. "I find here an entry showin' that the fish was sent to 113 Oxford Street at ten-thirty—"

"Sent *where*, did you say?" gasped Mrs. Hardinge, with a white face.

"To 113 Oxford Street—Why, what's wrong, ma'am?"

"It's all right, Mr. Officer," whispered old Mrs. Gayfer, with agitation. "I don't think we'll need you further in this matter. One of the servants probably sent in the order."

FOR SOME ONE

BY S. E. KISER.

HIS work is never hard to do
Who thinks all day of some one;
He labors well whose heart is true—
And fondly true to some one;
Men strive for wealth—men bravely go
Where danger is for fame, but, oh,
The sweetest joy a man may know
Is just to toil for some one!

TO PARLIAMENT IN A HOUSE ON WHEELS

BY LAURETTA HUGHES KNIEL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN Parliament convenes at Ottawa a member from almost any district may step aboard a luxurious sleeper attached to some "Limited," and be whirled to the scene of his duties as comfortably as if housed in the most modern hotel. It was in quite another fashion that Fletcher Bredin, M. P. P., for Athabasca district, journeyed from his northern constituency last January to take his seat in the Alberta Legislature.

The weather was unusually cold just then, even for the north, and the question arose at Lesser Slave Lake, the Bredin's home, how they could most comfortably travel over three hundred and twenty-five miles of frozen country, where railroads as yet had not penetrated. Pullmans were not to be thought of, so the ingenious westerner set himself to work to devise a pullman of his own, of an Athabasca model.

Time was—when Fletcher Bredin went into the north country twenty-five years ago—that he might have solved the question by strapping on snowshoes, picking up rifle, blankets and pemmican and setting off with a smile as he saw those frozen miles vanish under his moccasined feet. Or he might not have fancied the outing on snowshoes—for indeed Alberta's conditions of light and dry snowfalls are not often favorable to snowshoeing—then he would have hitched his dogs to a fur-spread toboggan-sled, and with a cheery "Marchons!" sped over the snowy trail to Edmonton. More recently he might have come out from the north with a fast horse and open cutter, making the trip to Edmonton in five or six days.

But this would be before there was a Mrs. Bredin to consider. There had been a pleasant little romance dating from the time when a missionary nurse at a remote Indian post met a prosperous "free-trader" in furs up there. The romance had culminated a year before in a conventional honeymoon in eastern Canada, so the westerner now wanted neither snowshoes, train-dogs or open sleighs, for he was resolved to bring his bride down to the Capital in comfort. In comfort! To travel in comfort through three hundred and twenty-five miles of "that country" with the mercury playing tag at fifty degrees below! Impossible! chorus the dwellers in houses where thermometers regulate the heat between seventy and eighty degrees above zero.

However, in "that country", where the impossible cannot find a man willing to admit a speaking acquaintance with the word, many difficult things are possible—things vastly more difficult than the problem then before the member for Athabasca. The "Big Trader", as the Indians call this man, simply built his own pullman. The car or caboose was made of a framework of wood covered with canvas tenting and lined with many folds of newspaper. The floor of heavy boards was carpeted with wolf and coyote skins. One end and side were hung with other skins and a corner couch piled high with gay blankets and lynx paw robes served as a couch by day and bed at night.

A box-table and camp stove completed the furnishings. Mounted on bob-sleighs, with two horses harnessed to it—lo! the northern pullman was ready for its run through the still

NOWHERE ELSE ON THE CONTINENT COULD THERE BE SUCH A SETTING FOR AFTERNOON TEA.
—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE ON WHEELS

MRS. BREDIN WORE AN ESKIMO FUR TUNIC AND HOOD, AND HER HUSBAND AN OVERCOAT AND CAP OF BEAVER SKINS.

pleasant cold of the north. Day and night Mrs. Bredin wore an Eskimo fur-tunic with hood, given to her by the Indians of Great Slave Lake in the Mackenzie valley when she worked among them there. Her husband, during the trip, wore usually an overcoat and cap of beaver skins bought in his own trading-post a few years earlier.

The provisions were cooked before leaving and frozen hard, and when thawed out *en route* the potatoes, plum pudding and bacon served with fresh tea, proved very palatable. Instead of resting by night in the unlovely "stopping-places" of the freighters, Mr. and Mrs. Bredin lived for the ten days of their leisurely journey in the caboose. The tenth day found them in Edmonton, side-tracked behind a fashionable apartment-house in which they lived during the session of the Legislature.

When Mrs. Bredin wished to delight the novelty-loving hearts of Edmonton friends, she invited them to tea in her caboose. They sat squaw-fashion on heaps of skins, while their hostess concocted a fragrant brew over the camp-stove. This was served in generous tin cups and they stirred it with beaten silver spoons made by Indians of the far north. Frozen fruit cake and oat meal cookies from Lesser Slave Lake were passed about. Nowhere else on the continent could there be such a setting for afternoon tea.

With the candles lit as dusk grows, the kettle bubbles and sings, the tamarac sticks crackle! The "old-timers" at the camp kettledrum fall into tales of pioneer days, and once they grew so vivid—these pictures of the past—that when a modern factory whistle shrieked through the frosty air outside one little lady "tenderfoot" gasped, whispering to her neighbor: "Now I know how they felt when they heard Indians yell!"

The delusion was all the more striking, in that the Indians who remain in small bands around or about Edmonton to-day are far from the period of vermillion and feathers. They have donned the "breeks" of civilization, and like good citizens of some Utopia of their own go about their daily ways in as leisurely a fashion as can be imagined.

This Athabasca pullman, which created such a pleasant ripple of interest in Alberta's capital last winter was novel enough, but not unique. It is nearly fifty years since the venerable missionary Pere Lacombe, astonished the Indians of the plains by going among them one winter in just such a house on sleds. Edmonton—then Edmonton House or Fort des Prairies—was but a stockaded fur-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day it is a busy city of 25,000 people, and the distributing centre for a vast stretch of country, especially toward the north.

With the railway policy announced this year by the Alberta government, which will secure a network of railways through this youngest of Canadian provinces—the Lesser Slave Lake district will be opened up by the Peace River Road and the expectations of Athabasca's representative be fulfilled. He said in March: "Yes, we are going home in our caboose, but in two or three years more we shall be able to come down to the Capital in a "parlor-car".

THE TASK

BY CELIA GRAHAM

A DAY to spin the Thread of Strife
A day to weave, and a day to sever,
Then finished is the Web of Life
And the pattern lasts forever.

SOME OF MR WALKER'S "WARDS" DISEMBARKING AT MONTREAL

BRUCE WALKER, HOMEFINDER

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Tales of the Sea," "Marguerite de Roberval," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Dominion Government, early in 1903, made a happy choice when it selected John Bruce Walker for the important position of Canadian government agent for Scotland. Few of Mr. Walker's friends know that he was ever christened John, and to public and private individuals on both sides of the atlantic he has always been known as Bruce.

Bruce Walker, the present commissioner of immigration of the Dominion, is a Scotsman. If any one doubted it from his appearance, all doubt would be dispelled the moment he opened his mouth by way of speech. Although he has lived in Canada for nearly twenty years he still retains his rich Doric, reminiscent of heather and oatmeal. He was born in Troon, Ayrshire, and received his early education at the celebrated Ayr academy. He was a brilliant student and was even more distinguished in athletics. A place on the international football team is coveted by every Scotch athlete and this honor Bruce Walker won in 1882 when he helped his native land defeat the English team. He was not only active on the field, but his advice was eagerly sought in athletic councils and for several years he was president of the Renfrewshire Football Association. This athletic training had its permanent effect, and although Mr. Walker is now in his forties he is still a boy in heart and mind.

When Mr. Walker came to Canada in the eighties he settled in the enterprising manufacturing city of Brantford. Here he entered enthusiastically into the life of the community. At that

time Brantford was the home of bicycling and lacrosse and he soon became a noted wheelman, and although he did not play lacrosse he was a member of the executive committee of the Brantford club when it won the championship of Canada and the Globe shield. But his great work in Brantford was as editor of the Brantford "Expositor."

From the beginning of his newspaper career he showed a fine grasp of Canadian affairs and until 1896 was one of the greatest forces in Ontario in bringing about the triumph of the Liberal party. His editorials were always marked with lucidity, strength and fairness. He did not confine himself to newspaper work. In every hour of need he was ready to take the stump, and few men pled the cause of Liberalism to more purpose. His addresses were always eloquent and no hall or schoolhouse ever emptied while Bruce Walker was on the platform. The political successes of such men as the late Hon. A. S. Hardy and the Hon. Wm. Patterson were in no small measure due to his convincing pen and eloquent tongue.

For several years he was president of

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

HON. FRANK OLIVER.

the St. Andrew's Society of his adopted city. As an after-dinner speaker he had few equals and distinguished visiting orators, in the opinion of his fellow-townsmen, always played second fiddle to their own Bruce. But he vegetated in Brantford till 1903. He was too big a man for the daily grind of a newspaper office.

Fortunately the needs of the West found him out. The call of the West for men came to him and in the interests of the West he was sent to Scotland as government agent with headquarters at Glasgow. It is not claiming too much to say that since his appointment he has done as much as any one man to fill the West with the most desirable class of British immigrants and has to a large measure shaped the policy of the interior department with regard to immigration.

Mr. Walker went energetically to work the moment he arrived in Glasgow. He found that the offices of the Canadian agency were situated in an out-of-the-way corner in a large block. They were hidden from the public, and even enquirers had difficulty in finding them. This would never do. He at once wrote to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, then minister of the interior, explaining

the situation. Better to have cheaper quarters still nearer the roof if the government could not see fit to move the offices to the ground floor.

He had his wish. The offices came down to the street and the passers-by paused in their walk to admire the splendid window display of Canadian products. As a result of the change to fine quarters the business of the agency doubled in the first year.

As a newspaper man of many years experience the Canadian agent knew the value of printer's' ink. Throughout the length and breadth of Scotland he began a campaign advertising Canada and particularly the Canadian West. Display advertisements appeared daily and press notes dealing with the wealth and resources of Canada met the reader in almost every issue. To such an extent was the work done that it was a frequent complaint among some of the county newspaper readers that their paper was given over entirely to Canadian affairs. This was an exaggeration, but it shows the thoroughness with which the newspapers were used in the interests of the Dominion.

Football matches draw larger crowds than anything else in Scotland, frequently the attendance is from 30,000 to 100,000. Witnessing these contests were gathered from all parts of Scotland thousands of sturdy young men who were needed in Canada. Mr. Walker seized the opportunity and had a most attractive illustrated handbill printed. A youth was stationed at every door to distribute this literature. On one occasion 80,000 handbills were distributed and hundreds left the match with their hearts and minds set Canadawards.

Mr. Walker knew the value of the appeal to the eye, and had a set of cinematograph views prepared for the music halls in the larger towns. An extensive series of lectures was delivered under his management in every important centre of population from Maidenkirk in Wigtownshire to John O'Groats. Mr. Walker frequently left his busy office to lecture with stereopticon views before au-

BRUCE WALKER.

diences ranging from 500 to 5,000.

He was always eloquent, witty, convincing, and his presentation of Canada as a home for the landless man made thousands of Scotch-Canadians. He dearly loved interruptions and was ever ready with an answer.

Once before an audience of 5,000 in Glasgow a discontented returned emigrant interrupted him with the words: "The Canadian farmer is the meanest thing on earth."

Like a flash he replied: "As he's either himself or by descent English, Irish or Scotch he comes by it honestly. It would be as true to say that every Canadian farmer was mean as that every Scotchman was drunk at New Year's time."

The usual Scotch reserve was thrown to the winds and the vast audience applauded him vociferously.

On another occasion at Newcastle he eulogized the morality and honesty of the average Canadian. He then went on to speak of cattle raising, telling his audience how cattle were branded and let loose on the prairies.

A voice from the audience questioned "If the Canadian is so honest what is the need of branding?"

"That reminds me," said the ever-ready Bruce, "of a story I once heard. A mother-in-law had been making her home by turns with two of her sons-in-law. She died while on one of these visits. The sorrowing son-in-law telegraphed to the other victim of her attentions, asking what would be done with the remains. The answer was short and to the point: "Embalm, cremate and bury." He was taking no chances on her return, and so the Canadian rancher takes no chances."

While lecturing in Inverness he gave a particularly glowing picture of Canada. He dwelt on her vast rivers, her inland seas, her fertile plains capable of feeding all Europe, her forests rich in timber, her mountains laden with iron, copper, gold and silver. As he closed his lecture he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what think ye of the picture?"

The audience was awed into silence. Suddenly a still small voice more to itself than otherwise whispered: "Mon! It's gran' if it's aw true."

Mr. Walker's success to a large extent has been due to the fact that he never gave an untrue picture of Canadian conditions, never painted Canada *couleur de rose*. The truth was good enough for him and for the Dominion. He gloried in the "Lady of the Snows," but he made his audiences see her also as the "Lady of the Sunshine," of vineyards and apple and peach orchards and broad stretches of golden wheat fields. Occasionally he would rapturously exclaim: "Beautiful snow, protector and purifier of the Canadian fields! Nature demands snow in the northland and Canada has been generously treated."

To reach the outlying districts in Scotland a motor exhibition wagon was used. It was a splendid vehicle and was made most attractive by its rich display of grains, grasses and fruit. A Canadian lecturer accompanied the wagon and in the market places of otherwise almost inaccessible parts of the country, remote from railway stations, it took up its stand, and by speech and exhibits the glad tidings of the fertile plains of the West, of the orchards of the Niagara peninsula and British Columbia were brought to the doors of the cottars in their Highland fastnesses.

Not the least important of Mr. Walker's work was the care he took in watching the operations of steamship agents in the interests of Canada and of the emigrants. He soon discovered that many men were being lured to the Dominion by false promises and determined to effectually put a stop to the nefarious actions of unscrupulous agents.

To do this he played the part of a detective on a booking-agent in Newcastle. He cultivated a stubby beard, smudged his face with soot, clad himself in coarse blue jeans, and stuck in his mouth a short, well-seasoned clay pipe. Thus disguised he called at the booking-agent's seeking a job in Canada as an engineer.

The agent was convinced that this middle-aged Scotsman with the rich lowland accent was an easy mark, and so proceeded to collect his ten shillings ($2.50) fee at once. He then engaged

him for a position as engineer in a factory at London, Ontario, "a half-hour's walk from Montreal."

On the following day information was laid against the agent for fraud. He was fined fifty pounds ($250.00) and had his license cancelled. Mr. Walker saw to it that the affair was given wide publicity, and this prompt and wise action to a considerable extent stopped the fraudulent practices of booking agents.

During Mr. Walker's term of office in Scotland he carried on an aggressive campaign with the steamboat companies for the betterment of the living conditions on ships carrying Scotch emigrants. As a result of his efforts the emigrants are now carried in the finest of steamboats, equal in every way to the mail steamers.

How great a work he did can be realized from the fact that when he took office the average emigration from Scotland was 2,000 per annum; at the close of his term it was 30,000.

Just then a vacancy occurred in the position of chief of the entire European immigration staff of the Dominion government. The Hon. Frank Oliver was now minister of the interior. He had had a watchful eye on the career of his agent in Scotland, and unhesitatingly offered him this important office. He accepted the position and proceeding to London set to work to carry out the minister's instructions by re-organizing the entire propaganda. With the exception of the Glasgow and London offices he found all the Canadian government offices up two or three flights of stairs, unpretentious, unnoticeable. He determined that as far as possible all the premises of the government should be placed in positions equal to its importance. The best business streets in each centre were chosen. New and up-to-date premises were secured in such places as Exeter in Devon, Birmingham, York, Aberdeen and Dublin. In each of these places attractive displays of products were made with most excellent results. Two motor exhibition wagons similar to the one used in Scotland were obtained. The wagons remained on the road continuously for seven or eight months, lectures on Canada being given by the men in charge.

The minister supplied Mr. Walker with a splendid corps of farmer delegates, representing the various provinces of the Dominion. Under his direction they became a species of drag net sweeping the country from north

ADVERTISING IN THE BRITISH ISLES FOR SETTLERS.

to south, staying for a day at the best booking-offices in each community. In this way men in all the rural parts of England and Scotland and to some extent in the north-west of Ireland became familiar with farming conditions in the Dominion.

Mr. Walker's work was not done without opposition. Weaklings had faced conditions in Canada and failed and on their return to the homeland had rushed into print. One paper in particular produced a number of most unfair and offensive letters. But Mr. Walker paid no heed to them. Each letter brought forth a number of replies and only helped to advertise Canada. He now hit upon a plan to turn the inimical editor into a friend. He wrote to him offering, on behalf of the minister of the interior, a free trip to the Dominion. The only condition was that the writer should tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth. No other restrictions were placed upon him. As he did not want the poor fellow to suffer from loneliness he gave him half a dozen companions, chosen from the ranks of well-known journalists. As a result there appeared in the newspapers of Great Britain scores of columns of glowing tributes to the country. The unfriendly editor in particular became the most enthusiastic eulogizer of the climate, resources and conditions of the Dominion.

His position in London gave him new insight into the immigration problem. He viewed with alarm the sending of men and women from the factory centres and the slums of the overcrowded cities to Canada, and to the Canadian government sounded a warning note which was to become the fixed policy of the minister. The sending of rate-aided and state-aided individuals was discouraged. Masterless men and ne'er-do-wells were warned to stay at home. As Mr. Walker remarked: "It is not fair to the emigrant. He was an object of charity in the Old World and is likely too often to become an object of charity in the new. These town-bred men have no love for nature, no yearning for the green fields. They have been cliff and cave dwellers; humanity warehoused in tenements and cellars. Into the Canadian cities they will inevitably drift only to become objects of charity, or to take up criminal careers."

In his report of January, 1908, on this question, Mr. Walker with a concise, strong pen laid before the interior department the dangers threatening Canada through unwise immigration. This able report has been the chief factor in shaping the present policy on immigration of the Dominion.

Mr. Walker's work brought him into contact with such men as Charles M. Hays, Donald D. Mann and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and he has discussed the future of Canada from its immigration side with them. He has been fortunate in enjoying the warm confidence of Lord Strathcona and always speaks in almost affectionate terms of that great empire builder.

As a result of his good work in London, and his thorough grasp of the immigration question the government, early in 1908, transferred Mr. Walker to Winnipeg, to take the position of commissioner of immigration, succeeding J. Obed Smith. The minister had concluded that an enthusiast so successful in procuring immigrants of the right class should succeed in distributing them and having them absorbed among the Canadian people. Already he is a force for nation-building in the west, and is making his influence felt throughout the entire Dominion.

He is genial, kindly, enthusiastic. He knows the value of the newspaper and among the journalists has a host of friends. Irrespective of party he supplies them with the latest immigration notes and the reporters leave his office with a feeling that they have in him a genuine friend. Distinguished students of Canadian affairs and writers from foreign countries invariably visit him when they learn more about the Dominion in one hour than they would in weeks of observation and interviews with the ordinary citizen. Unfortunate immigrants have always a kindly word and helping hand from him—which also proves that Bruce Walker is in every way a man, a big man, a force for righteousness and patriotism.

SWIFT, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS HOME

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART ONE

WE started from Edmonton the eighth day of May, 1907, three of us, possessed of a new idea. We were going to set up store at Tete Jaune Cache a month by trail to the westward, far beyond the Yellowhead Pass—and Edmonton itself in those days was almost at the end of the store-keeping world! True, it was vaguely known that the prairie lost none of its fertility as it sloped gently up toward the mountains and that the far away Pacific coast was much like the populous valleys about Vancouver. What lay between was a vast *terra incognita*, probably a wilderness of mountains. Fruit growers had not yet planted young trees on the benches of the western valleys, cattlemen had not yet driven their herds into the wide grazing grounds of the Ootsa lake country, and no surveyors had dotted their section posts all over the rich, lake-traced Nechaco Valley—its glories were all unheralded. But even in nineteen seven prospectors and timber cruisers were scattering all over upper British Columbia, while back and forth between Edmonton and Prince Rupert moved the survey parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Where there are men, there things may be sold and, to pioneers twenty-five days' march from the nearest general store, at fabulous prices.

We three had planned the venture carefully. Earlier in the year supplies had been sent ahead to the foothills as far as winter hauling was practicable; the pack train with which we were making an early spring start was well equipped; and one of us, Jimmie Mack, had been over the trail the season just

PASSING BETT'S GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC SURVEY PARTY, MAY 24, 1907

before. Jimmie and Frank Reed expected to spend most of the summer in prospecting and land-looking while Will French kept the store and recovered his health, lost under the strain of Yankee city life. So it was a cheerful little party that headed the pack horses westward toward the unseen mountains.

The first three days were spent in uneventful plodding along the muddy roads of early spring while at night we slept in commonplace beds in thriving young settlements. We relieved the monotony by laughing at Will French's awkward attempts to mount his horse from a convenient knoll or fence rail. He cut an amusing figure when, after a long ride, he dismounted and hobbled painfully along in heavy, hob-nailed boots, muscles cramped and joints creaking, looking, as he said, like a three-foot-high Irishman only lacking the short dhudeen. At Lac Ste. Anne he was greatly encouraged by the keeper of the general store, an Englishman exiled from home by ill health but grown hale and strong in the clear Alberta air.

At last we left the land of hotels and on Saturday night slept in our bags under the open sky. While cooking our supper we were visited by a neighboring settler, Donald McDonald, with whom we made arrangements to pack in the extra supplies which were cached at the Big Eddy on the McLeod. In the midst of the chat there was a rush and splashing and off went the horses across the creek and back down the trail, with Frank and Jimmie after them; then McDonald corralled them for the night. Other travelers were having difficulties. The next day we overtook a settler whose wagon was stuck fast in the mud. When pulled out he cheerfully resumed the trek toward the new Lobstick Lake District. That same day, after an exciting crossing of a log-jammed creek in which one of the horses nearly turned over pack and all, we saw our first butterfly. Insect life was on the wing for the year.

Five days out we made our first big ford, across the Pembina. The priest at the ford told us of a big coal deposit half a mile up the river where a new company had installed a large drilling machine. Evidently we had not quite left civilization behind. The ford was a long one and trying to Will who waited for the others to drive the pack horses across when Jimmie came back to escort him. It seemed to him that the water would never stop swirling dizzily below him, surely the current

would carry the horse off from his feet, but at last it was passed and fords had lost their terrors. That night we camped at Hole-in-the-Ground, a beautiful little valley completely surrounded by hills. After tea we went hunting for ducks but brought back a musk-rat.

Next day we reached the end of the wagon road and then began the real trail through the woods. It was a rough path but led us through a world of beauty. The sense of the growth of fresh green things increased as the minutes passed. Leaf and grass and moss—fallen trees clothed in wondrous combination of fern and leaf—mossy mounds like miniature mountains crowned with baby firs. At times snow, softest verdure, dead trees, muddy trail, rivulets of clearest water and the rough trunks of the old forest, all at once met the roving eye.

So we traveled on through the woods and across the streams, occasionally meeting with a ducking at a ford or troubled by back-trailing horses. Just before we reached Carrot Creek, Jimmie pointed to a white cloud above the blue of the distant hills—our first glimpse of the mountains still one hundred and sixty miles away. We were beginning to climb, but very gently. Near Wolf Creek we traveled the nose of a hill between two valleys stretching miles and miles to left and right, a magnificent country for farms

MRS. SWIFT AND HER YOUNGEST SON

BIG EDDY, IN 1907 THE METROPOLIS OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN LAC STE. ANNE AND THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

some day! Then we passed a bit of country like a pine nursery with hundreds of Jack pines spread over it. The mishap of the day was the "getting down" of Roney, one of the pack horses, who insisted on leaving the trail on one of the wet, muddy spots. He tried hard to get up but finally Frank and Jimmie had to dismantle his pack and carry it in sections to dry ground, then get him up and reload.

At Moose Creek we spent our second Sunday and Monday letting the horses feed on the plentiful grass while we darned sox in the genial warmth of a folding stove in the tent. Tuesday we forded the McLeod, then passed through a pine forest catching frequent glimpses of the river, till suddenly we turned a corner which revealed a glorious stretch of river, hills and valley. We were within sight of Big Eddy, our destination for the day.

Soon we were greeted by the members of a Grand Trunk Pacific survey "outfit", who fell upon us eagerly when they learned that we had a big package of letters for them, their first since March. They most hospitably put a tent at our disposal and asked us to share their meals, so we decided to stay with them instead of going on to the Eddy. We stayed at the camp three days treating the sore backs of the horses and selecting from the store supplies cached at Big Eddy the part that Donald McDonald was to pack through to Tete Jaune Cache. There was a phonograph in camp and "canned music" sounded very good in our ears. There were no theatres in Big Eddy which consisted of two log houses and a few tents used as caches.

A few hours out of the Eddy we passed Bett's camp, another Grand Trunk Pacific survey party. That evening we camped near some Indian tepees from which issued sounds of dancing and racketing all the beautiful moonlit night. Next day we reached the "Leavings", so called because the trail there leaves the McLeod for the Athabasca. While at lunch Frank suddenly exclaimed, "Two geese coming down the river! Lie down, quick!" Jimmie turned and knelt down with his head on the ground, Frank reached for his gun and rested it across Jimmie's shoulder, while Will rolled over flat on the ground. Breathlessly we waited. Slowly they came into range. Bang! One of the geese fluttered into the water; the other took to its wings. Another shot and the first one was hit again. Jimmie and Frank started down the bank with Will after

GREGG'S PIONEER HOMESTEAD NEAR PRAIRIE CREEK

WE FORDED THE FIRST CHANNEL OF THE ATHABASCA WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY

them carrying gun and rope. Up and down we searched and Jimmie even forded to the other bank—but no goose. And our mouths were watering at the thought of a goose supper!

Sunday's journey was a long and hard one. We were up at four in the morning and looking up saw a great round ball just above the horizon and thought it was going to be a gray day. A few minutes later it was gone—behind the clouds we supposed—but soon the sky began to glow and we realized that it was the *moon* we had seen going *down*. We started at eight o'clock, up and down hill, over muskeg amid dense, moss-margined woods (imagine walking on pile carpet in which you sink five or six inches at every step), a long time among fallen timber in which Mike got down and had to be reloaded, then a good trail climbing slowly through the forest to the summit between the McLeod and

LANDING THE UNGAINLY RAFT AFTER WE HAD CROSSED THE ATHABASCA'S MAIN CHANNEL

the Athabasca. A long climb down and up but ever getting lower toward the valley of the mighty Athabasca brought us to the level of the river about seven. Turning up the stream the Rockies seemed to be just beyond the next bend. A bad climb up a hill was almost forgotten in a glorious ride in the soft evening glow through wild pine woods from which we finally emerged on to the hillside again. The hill towered above us on the left with the big moon just peeping over the edge, while on the right stretched the great valley of the river, mile upon mile, to the brow of the distant hills purple against a sky at nine o'clock still

followed by a much larger number We tried to get photographs of the picturesque groups but could do it only by stealth; the ancient superstition made the older squaws restless at the sight of the camera and they hurried their party on.

We were now in the very presence of the mountains themselves traversing the slopes that border the valley of the Athabasca, at times jutting out almost into the stream itself, then receding many miles leaving an immense fertile plain. For two days we wound about the base of three big peaks, the last one looking like a frowning square fortress guarding the entrance to the pass.

THE ROUGH TRAIL NEAR SWIFT'S LED US TO A WORLD OF BEAUTY

touched with the light of the setting sun. So we passed on up the valley and camped at ten. A Sabbath day's journey, indeed!

Next day we found a box set up on a pole on which was scribbled a message asking us to bring a horse which had been left by a party just ahead of us. We found it, a scrawny little cayuse, limping painfully, and took it to Prairie Creek where we left it with a settler named Gregg. As we journeyed along straight toward the mountains, we met a party of Indian squaws and papooses bound for Lac Ste. Anne and twenty four hours later they were

Toward noon the trail dipped down to ford the Athabasca. We crossed two channels without much difficulty, then stopped on an island while Frank and Jimmie tested the depth of the main river. It was too deep to ford so we decided to raft the packs and swim the horses. It was after seven when the raft was finished and loaded for the first crossing. Frank and Jimmie went together and had great difficulty in getting back by eleven in the pitchy darkness, so we were obliged to spend the night on the little island. In the morning we added two more logs to make the raft large enough to carry

Jimmie and Will and the rest of the supplies, while Frank was to ride. The horses were driven into the stream after him but they would not follow together. Two waded down the river, Jimmie following along the bank shouting and throwing bits of wood and stone at them till finally they struck across. Then another swam down stream trying to find footing while the other four refused to move but stood watching till at last he landed near Frank. Then, reassured, they slowly followed him. The raft was clumsy and hard to handle. First, we let it float down, guiding it past a shoal, then we jumped into the water and pushed it by main strength up stream so that the current would not carry us far below the trail. Near the other bank Frank rode out to help and we all got wet through standing in the water pushing the ungainly thing ashore.

That day we passed Jasper House and Jasper Lake—a glorious view from the top of a hill with green sward like a lawn rolling down from our feet to the water's edge. Next day we reached Swift's in the upper Athabasca valley. Swift was something of a character, a Yankee from Ohio who had married a squaw and had four children. He was looking forward to being a rich man as he hoped that part of his property would be selected for a townsite and he had fine water power for a mill. It was not an idle dream of wealth, for with cheap power, the immense valley full of farms, and the railroad at his door to carry his flour to Prince Rupert and so by the shortest route to the Orient, why should not this "squaw man" of the mountains some day take part in the ever expanding business of feeding the yellow millions? Meanwhile he was doing a little farming, entertaining the pioneers crossing the pass and enjoying life in the shadow of the mountains.

Here we stayed two days. The horses enjoyed the rest and to us it was a great pleasure to watch the children playing, to stroll about the hills among the countless wild flowers, or to chat with Swift over his growing grain—a refreshing interval before the last week's pull over the pass.

(To be continued)

THE FOOLISH BIG WORDS

BY S. E. KISER

THE foolish think big words are splendid,
And that within them wisdom lies,
But big words never were intended
To form the language of the wise;
Through smallest words that he may find
The sage reveals his depth of mind.

The speeches of the fool are freighted
With words he chooses for their length;
When sense is with a big word mated
It dwindles, robbed of half its strength;
The world needs no big words at all,
Since Love and Hope and Do are small.

THE BLACK BEAR LIMITED

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," "Frontier Stories," Etc.

LONG before the white man had measured the worth of the chinook winds or dreamed of what lay in the unploughed fields of the middle west or the possibilities of peach orchards in the Okanagan, Pere Perent built his cabin in the caribou country. Wandering prospectors from the south found welcome at the cabin of the kindly Pere. Trappers traveling up and down the river rested there and made tea with this lone man whose mission was to blaze the trail and plant the cross.

Sometimes the lone commander of this outpost was hard put to it to find food. In summer there were fish and game in easy reach, but when the lakes were closed and snow shrouded the hills he had to hustle—and with caution. If he fared too far into the fastnesses he ran the risk of bumping into Bruin, who might be as hungry as himself.

Up on a mountain, where a side gulch scarred the slope, there was a slide where the black bears came down to drink. Often at twilight the Pere would post himself beside this trail, and when a bear came slipping and sliding along, would block the trail and open fire. If he failed to stop the bear with the first and only shot in his old fashioned rifle, he would lay that weapon aside, and bring out his hunting knife and close in. Thus he became learned in the ways of the wild things who were his only neighbors.

At first he fought nervously, with a line out to the Virgin, but as the months wore away he gathered experience, confidence and scars. When he had been a year in the caribou country he found himself seeking trouble rather than avoiding it. To be sure he did not slay wantonly, but he never went hungry out of fear.

Still, a man cannot hold aces all the time. One sunset he saw a big black bear browsing about at the top of the slide. It was in autumn. Both the Pere and the bear were feeling fit. By the time he had climbed up the trail to the battle ground the sun had dipped down behind the range. It was so dusk that the bear was almost the color of the hills, and undistinguishable until quite close.

The Pere waited. The bear not caring to climb back up the hill, came on down the trail. When within a few yards he stood up, as bears will. As he advanced the hunter leveled his rifle and fired. His aim was at the throat, because the bear was really above him; but, as he pulled the trigger, the bobbing head of the bear dropped so that the bullet glanced off the rounded skull without doing any damage. The hunter dropped his rifle and drew his hunting knife; and with a howl of rage, the bear went to it. It was a hand to bear fight from this on. The man dodged the bear's left, but as he raised his head the bear handed him one with the right paw that sent him over against a cedar bush.

The bear dropped to all fours, and gave the man time to get his head and footing. Again the bear stood up, but the man had gained the upper side of the slope—which was not much advantage, since it made it difficult for him to get under the bear's guard.

The two pranced and sparred for an opening. The priest side-stepped, but the bear, so big and clumsy looking when he is gathering berries or rolling along the trail, was as agile as his antagonist.

The priest soon saw that his only hope for victory was in close fighting. Another series of side steps gave him the down hill side of the ring. Feint-

THEY BELIEVED HIS STORY, BUT BEING COWMEN THEY DID NOT HANKER AFTER MINING

ing with his left, he darted under the arms of the bear, sinking his hunting knife in the left side.

They went down together and fought, rolling, to the foot of the hill. The priest managed to keep his knife and his

right arm free. Bruin was hugging him hard, and trying to reach him with his teeth. Presently the priest found his left forearm in his adversary's mouth. He felt the bone crack, and a sudden sickness fell upon him. With a cry that was half a prayer, he drove his knife again and again into the animal's side. Presently the great arms relaxed, the bear released his hold on the broken arm, and the priest stood up in the gathering gloom of the valley and gave thanks for his delivery.

Fortunately a prospector passed that way as the darkness deepened, and he helped the priest bind up the broken arm. Being in no great hurry he camped at the cabin for some weeks, and nursed the good man back to life; for, in addition to the broken arm, the patient was riddled and ripped and tattered and torn from his head to his toes.

When he could walk, the priest expressed a wish to show his friend where the battle began. One glance at the battlefield satisfied the curiosity of the stranger and being a prospector he naturally began an examination of the spot. In a little while he had discovered traces of silver in the rock seams.

They brought a pick and pried into the secrets of the hill. They staked a claim and began to work it. When the prospector had satisfied himself that there was pay dirt, he went out for help and for machinery to develop the claim. It was winter now, and a long wait for the spring and his return

First, the prospector went for funds to his old cowboy friends in Oregon, some of whom were now ranch owners. They believed his story, but being cowmen they did not hanker after mining.

Then he went to Seattle, and here he had no difficulty in organizing the Black Bear Limited.

He had prospected in California, and was well known to the Grub Stakers who stand in the same relation to the prospector as the "angel" stands to the promising actress. On the day following he was to meet his backers to arrange for the purchase of supplies and machinery. That day dawned and died with no news from the prospector. A week went by, a month, a year; and then the men who had dreamed for a day that they were about to become millionaires forgot it.

Shortly after this a weird looking individual who had the appearance of having slept in his clothes and risen early, stepped from the steamer at Nome, and went into the hills. There he set up his shack and lived alone, making no friends and few acquaintances. He prospected in the hills and toiled in the tunder. He found pay dirt, washed out and waxed comfortable, but he never washed up nor changed his clothing. He walked as one in a dream, and one day, still dreaming, he walked aboard a south bound boat and Nome knew him no more.

In the early days of Cobalt camp the same strange, silent man appeared. Miners from Nome recognized him, and one night, having brought a bottle down from Haileybury they grew convivial and talked about Nome with the lonesome one, whom they called the Ghost. He seemed surprised, and declared he had never been in Nome. He had heard about it once, and he had a vivid dream of having been there, of having staked a certain claim, of having washed out gold; but when he woke and found he was in Cobalt and not Nome, the stuff that he had actually seen and handled faded away.

When the miners who had known him in Nome described the claim, the cabin in which he had lived, the store where he bought his supplies, and many other things, the lonesome prospector was deeply bewildered.

Days and weeks went by. When the men from Nome met the silent one on the trail they nodded and passed, shunning him as a Sioux used to shun a scalped Pawnee. "He is not all here," said one, and they let it go at that.

Whatever had been lost along the journey of life, he still retained the instinct of the prospector. He located a good claim in Cobalt, sold it, and disappeared.

The Seattle Grub Stakers were surprised one wet morning, five years to a day from the date of that old dis-

"WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS IN COBALT CAMP"

appearance, to see their prospector, cleanly shaven and well dressed, walk into the office.

The visitor apologized for being late. The promoters glanced one to the other, unable to understand this strange man. "I believe," said the visitor, "I was to call at nine o'clock. It is now nearly eleven."

"Perhaps you are mistaken in the date?" came the reply.

The visitor was evidently embarrassed. "Well," said he, "if I am sober I left you gentlemen last night with the understanding that we were to meet at nine this morning. I might have been drunk last night, but I am certainly sober now."

During the moments that followed, the prospector thumbed and fingered his forehead, then looked at the floor. Presently he lifted his head and said with a deep sigh:

"Speaking of yesterday and the night that bridged over to this morning, do you know I have had the most bewildering dreams that a man ever dreamed? I have been to Nome since I saw you, and have panned out gold – great nuggets of gold. I slept. I slept. When I woke up I was in Cobalt camp, where I staked a claim and cleaned up $30,000. I can forget the Nome dream all right, but this Cobalt business troubles me. I have money which I did not have when I left you last night. I have a pass book with me this morning which tells me that I have some $20,000 in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Cobalt. Now who the devil has been stringing me? I am not exactly a damn fool, and if you are making fun, and if you doubt my story of the Black Bear claim, say so and let me look elsewhere for money to develop it."

The men were confused. The clerks heard only the loud talking and the swear words. The two heads of the firm sat in silence. The senior, being a lawyer and accustomed to cross questioning, asked the prospector kindly: "Is it your impression that you left us only yesterday?"

"Certainly. Isn't that so?"

The Grub Stakers exchanged glances.

"I do not wish to cause you any anxiety, my dear friend," said the lawyer-broker. "Isn't is possible that you have slept longer than you think you have? Do you remember the date when you left us here in this office promising to meet us on the morrow?"

"I certainly do. It was Tuesday, November 10th. This is November the eleventh," he said, glancing up at the calendar on the wall.

"What year?" asked the Grub Stakers.

"Year? Why 1900 ——"

He stared at the calendar with a start.

"Now what on earth are you trying to do? Do you print calendars five years ahead of time for the sake of guying a poor prospector?" He rose and hit the table with his bony clenched hand so hard that it made the furniture jump.

"Sit down," said the head of the firm, closing the door. "Now, my dear fellow, it is just five years ago to-day that we waited to meet you in this office. Something has befallen you. I don't want to worry you, but you have been away."

"Gad! I thought so," said the prospector. "No man could live and do what I have done since I left you in one night—in a dream."

Gradually the trained lawyer satisfied himself that whatever had happened during these five years, the prospector was himself again. They took up the trail with the hope of unraveling the mystery. Nome was too remote, but they could wire Cobalt. The answer revealed the fact that the Cobalt dream was not a dream, but that a strange prospector had a balance in the bank of more than $20,000. Finally it was agreed to accept this explanation, to regard the things that were real as real, but to proceed to the caribou country to verify his impression of the Black Bear claim. Perhaps that was a "pipe", too.

There was nothing in the manner of the man to suggest insanity.

He selected his supplies and outfitted with a member of the firm for the journey to British Columbia.

Arriving at the Black Bear claim they found the faithful friend on watch.

"Father," said the prospector, holding the priest's hand and peering into his face, "How long have I been away?"

"A little over five years, my son. Where have you been?"

The prospector wiped the perspiration from his brow, turned to his companion and said, "Now I know it is true."

The three men walked up the gulch. A little narrow tornado had torn along the mountain side a few months after the departure of the prospector, covering the bear slide with torn up trees, for which the patient Pere had given thanks because the debris had closed the trail and covered the stake.

With much difficulty they found the claim and secured sufficient evidence of its richness to warrant development. It was agreed that for the sake of their friend, the prospector, nothing should be said of his wanderings or of his dreams, and so the secret has been kept all these years, and is here set down for the first time in print.

The Black Bear Limited (though that is not the name) is one of the biggest mines in British Columbia. The prospector who went away is one of the most prosperous mining men in America. The patient priest has sold his share and is now doing missionary work on the Skeena river in British Columbia.

THE PICTURE

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

IT IS visitor's day in the Children's Ward, and the long room, gray-walled and pictureless, is spotlessly clean and bare of every homelike touch. The vista of neat cots, each small occupant wan and spent with disease, would be a cheerless monotone of white except that sometimes it is a brown head, instead of a golden one, lying on the narrow pillow.

All is straight and orderly; the white napkins on the score of little pine tables are laid foursquare with the corners of the room, and each is primly set with a bottle of medicine and its accompanying glass and spoon. The east wall is given over to several wide windows, and as the blessed sunlight and air are not subject to hospital discipline, a stiffly starched curtain is playfully fluttered by the incoming breeze.

If those sprites, which we call motes in the sunbeam, could be seen, how they must be holding their mites of noses as they innocently rush into the close atmosphere tainted with fevered breath and with the heavy odor of disinfectants; or how glad must be the "shut-in" spirits to escape and mingle with the thousand perfumes of spring!

Here and there a trim, well-laundered nurse glides echolessly about the ward, smoothing away imaginary wrinkles in a coverlet, or regulating the rigid uniformity of the window shades, lest the eye of the critical inspector should be offended by a line awry. A buzzing fly chances in at the open window, for the time of wire-screens is not yet, and is quickly pursued; although he manages to elude the hand of his would-be destroyer, and impudently tickles the peaked nose of a little sleeper.

The child stirs and opens his large eyes, lustrous with fever; the vigilant nurse is instantly beside him; her set smile and professional kindliness meeting his vague, unquestioning gaze. But as he wearily turns his face away, something like a timid sense of gratitude that has also a pathetic hint of longing touches his consciousness, and tears of weakness begin to flow down his cheeks.

A deprecating, apologetic cough is now heard at the door, and the attend-

ant, still smiling, recognizes the visitor and kindly beckons him to the small cot. As his foot awkwardly catches in the hemp matting, overthrowing a wooden chair upon the bare floor, twenty sleek and closely-shaven heads turn curiously to note the unusual disturbance, and the child with a feeble cry of joy clutches the bed-clothes with his trembling claw-like hands.

The man, awed by the stillness and the cleanliness of the place, sits down on the edge of a chair and crushes his old cap against his knees in a vain effort to control the storm of emotions rising in his breast. His eyes, sharpened by anxiety, are now eloquent with love and thankfulness. He begins to fumble for something in his ragged pocket, and with difficulty extricates an orange which he carefully lays on the table where the child's eyes follow it, but seek again the father's face to look their full of love and welcome. Not even a touch of hands, but only deep breaths, as if each feared to lessen the throbbing space between them; and soon the strain is too much for the little invalid. The transparent lips part over the small white teeth in that ghastly smile that resembles death.

It is here that the artist with his wonderful brush seemingly began his picture, but yet somehow expressed all that I have tried to say. On the canvas the father will remain as motionless as the child, daring not to disturb that restful slumber. Perhaps he dimly wonders if his boy does not dream that he is sitting there. Happy little one so to fall asleep, and happy father thus to watch and love always!

THE JUDAS TREE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

ROSE-RED in the morning,
Bloomed the Judas-tree,
Swiftly flowered at dawning,
(Heed, O maids, the warning!)
But I loved him without fear
Of his love to me.

All the year I've waited
For another spring,
Spring so long belated,
Spring with roses sated,
Underneath an orange-tree
Gaily lingering.

Cold the spring-time bloweth
When Love turns to Death,
Slow the gray day goeth,
Thick the orchard snoweth
Spent white petals; red alone
Judas flourisheth.

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY'S MAIN BUILDING

A BROKEN KINGDOM

BY ROBSON BLACK

Author of "Romance of the Theatre," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT WAS a romantic undertaking, that first of July so many years ago, when the wags of our corner on mischief bent, "arrested" little Johhny Smith and led him shrieking to my father's woodshed, crying to the jailor: "Open the gates; we have a bold robber!"

Happy days of make-believe.

And how Johnny Smith bellowed protests at the injustice and shook his knees in terror at the thought of prison.

Only a few months ago when play days had long since been passed on to another generation, that same boy fled across two continents to escape the vengeful hands of American justice. "Arrested in Paris" flashed over the cables one afternoon. That evening in the headlines of the papers the companions of the street corner saw their amateur drama of boyhood staged at last, with real actors and real audience. But somehow the old comedy lines stirred none of us to laughter.

In this story of the great penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, there is no pretence to measure walls, for walls are soulless; nor to catalogue armed guards, for story books are filled with them. It seeks only to tell of men, our own neighbors in the flesh—big men and no-accounts—young unfortunates who stepped into crime with a laugh and a toss of the head, and graybeards who since the days of youth have kept Law and Order the other side of the road. For a story——

Tom Innes was the organist of the Anglican church in a village which lies in the back lanes of Frontenac County, in the province of Ontario.

Had Tom Innes kept to organ playing and boot selling, his road through life might have been as smooth to this day as the silk of his rector's gown. But to ease the strain of a growing family, he took office as township treasurer. That was the thin edge of the wedge. He was now in the business of Other

People's Money. There were no brakes on his easy-going conscience; he read no city papers to instill a terror of the law. One day when four thousand dollars had passed from the township treasury into his own pockets, he grew uneasy. The councillors who audited his books each year, couldn't understand Tom's shifting eye. All they knew was that when auditing time came, the best liquor in the country was on Tom's table; and when the moment arrived to inspect the accounts no councillor could tell whether the pen went in right or left hand.

But one day public suspicion was aroused, through those strange little threads of gossip that float about the small town, and some man, bolder than the others, demanded a new council. It was elected. That meant a new auditing committee. The certainty of discovery made the treasurer's life a conscience-stricken horror. Before next Sabbath came round, he had confessed his sins openly, and received the handcuffs of the village constable. The trial was a matter of technical procedure; there was no defence.

That was how Tom Innes, organist and treasurer, went to Kingston penitentiary in 1901, for six years—six, because he had violated a trust.

The big prison was to him the best possible medicine for a covetous mind and a slip-shod conscience. He took his penalty as a matter of course. When the last three months came, they gave him the privilege of all prisoners, of letting his hair grow long, before re-entering the world.

Toward sunset next day, the children playing in the old home streets, ran indoors to tell the folks Tom Innes had come back. And like the prodigal, repentant and with new determination, he was welcomed to the family fireside and told how the years had dragged heavily without him. The neighbors in the village dropped in, one by one, to assure him in their kind fashion of their gladness at his homecoming.

Tom Innes, to-day, is a successful and honored business man in that Frontenac village, and has been reinstated as church organist. But his story, in the volume of penitentiary men, is a single white page in a chapter of gloom.

The conditions of government in the Kingston penitentiary, which have made it the most rigorous in all Canada, were introduced only of recent years. A while back, your convict might keep the photograph of his own mother in his cell—but not to-day. You bring him dainties—they will not reach him. He sees no daily newspapers, for the chiefs claim they afford him a means of following his former cronies, and inflame his brain with police court news. No tobacco creeps in, except through a law-breaking guard. Matches are worth ten times their weight in gold; prisoners become adepts in splitting an ordinary sulphur match into five or even ten lengthwise sections, each capable of lighting a portion of paper, which in turn ignites the secret pipe.

It is one of the puzzles of prison authorities to find work for convicts. Work is the ointment to discontent, and discontent breeds mutiny and heaven knows what might happen from sudden and concerted rebellion in a populous penitentiary. Useless labor, however, is worse than none. As an illustration: the surest way to "rile" a body of prisoners is to set them lifting a pile of stone blocks to one side of a yard, and then ordering its return. It seems a rule of the human mind that labor must be productive to be worth doing. Set your murderous carpenter to a week's hard task on a new jail shed, and he will surprise you by his conscientious industry. "General-Manager" Charles McGill, who wrecked the Ontario Bank, is one of the most valuable workers the penitentiary accountant has yet had. Joseph Phillips, who broke down his York Loan company, was another excellent man on books, but was later assigned to the quarry, on his own petition.

Attached to the penitentiary are extensive farms, the farthest within ten minutes' ride on horseback from the main gate of the prison. Every morning on pleasant summer days, a strange body of guarded men issues from the great doors, and with the measured footsteps of those who act under compulsion, takes the white road up the hill and northward to the fields.

These processions to the fields, and the agricultural work, are not carried on with the sullen dejection, which one might expect. You may find one man innocently chaffing a comrade for his attack of dyspepsia, attributing it to high living and advising bread and water. Or another may have learned a piece of important world news from a friendly guard and is busy retailing it to his comrades, as they pass him by. Perhaps a president was shot the afternoon previous or one elected. Rest assured, the convicts of the Kingston penitentiary will know it as quickly as the average community. For guards are but human; good fellows among the convicts often become fast friends with their watchers, and in lounging moments conversation in such a house of bondage is anything but boring.

What a mockery it seems to have the prisoner build his prison! Yet a great part of the Kingston penitentiary was erected by the hands and brains of expert convict masons, and no technologist on the continent could place his hand on a flaw of any consequence. Even the little red watch-houses on their high posts, where the guard may sit and cover his men, are built and repaired by convict labor, though under the Federal law the penal "chain gangs" are debarred from all municipal or private schemes.

The binder twine factory (under occasional denunciations from the outside manufacturers), is still held by the government as a most valuable asset, both as a contributor financially, and as an effective means of keeping the seven hundred men out of mischief. Quarrying, too, in the great limestone hills about the city, demands its quota of unskilled labor, and is used as a health resort by broken-down inmates. It was in a quarry that the wrecker of the celebrated York Loan and Savings company got back rosy cheeks a few months ago. The greater number of activities in the Kingston penitentiary are used in self-maintenance, however, and are such as might be expected in any isolated community.

A convicts' school offers tuition in all branches of reading, writing, and some of the tricks in ciphers that lie the safe side of the third book! There is the schoolmaster, with chalk and pointer; there is the "dull boy", the wag, the studious one, the dreamer, just as though taken from a story-book and robbed of hope and love and all light-hearted expectancy, preserving only the outer shells. Naturally, the attendance is optional, but some men and women are attracted to its beneficent influence every term. Recent statistics of our Canadian penitentiaries show over twelve per cent. of the prisoners unable to read or write. In that fact lies the reason for the prison schools.

John, the thick set chap, who led a series of robberies on the country banks has taken up a course. He is not even a writer. That probably divided him from the tricks of forgery. And Pete, over there, who stole his master's horses on three separate occasions, is one grade in advance of John. He may graduate in writing at the head of the class, the schoolmaster tells him, though reading will assuredly trip him up; some way he has failed to grasp the basic principles of the printed word.

And a little pale woman is there, with all the close-cropped feminine derelicts; by winter she hopes to get through the third reader; the master has twice commended her.

Books are the one act of grace from a hard government. A library of 4,500 volumes is tucked away in the centre building, and a catalogue is provided to each prisoner. Several times a week the guard collects the marked cards, and redistributes the books or magazines desired. Reading may only be enjoyed after the evening meal until nine-thirty o'clock, when the little electric globes at the extreme top of the cell grow paler and paler, until they leave the book fiend in solemn darkness.

In one of several journeys through the Kingston penitentiary, the writer talked to the librarian, a convict of very superior intelligence. It was more than a morbid curiosity that led to questions of the types of reading matter in vogue, for the tastes of seven hundred men in confinement, though

undoubtedly pessimistic and guided largely by a yearning for relaxation, must possess psychological interest and value. I asked the sad fellow who pencilled the delicate marks after names in the library book, whether he could choose me the volume most read of all the four thousand.

"Very easily."

He disappeared a moment, then came back with a much-thumbed book. I glanced quickly at the title:

"Never too Late to Mend," by Reade.

I smiled unbelievingly.

"You may doubt," replied the librarian kindly, "but that book takes first place in the lives of the convicts here. There are five volumes in constant use. I would not attempt to explain the reason: you have imagination as well as I."

The book of poetry lies on the shelf untouched. Iambic pentameters are not for your poor fellow with the heart bowed down. Fiction is his open door to coveted liberty For instance, the "Count of Monte Christo" has been the surest blessing in that kingdom of broken men at Kingston. Grant a convict an hour in the dim light of his cell, with a crust saved from supper, and the open volume—well, you have torn down the prison walls, and sent his guards a-packing home. He will drink the wine of the sailor bridegroom, quaff homely toasts to the radiant Mercedes and cry shame upon the gendarmes as they rudely enter and tear the sailor away. Palaces and principalities pass by in gallant show, and he takes them to himself for no one may dispute his right Laws of property for the moment are held suspended. He shares the billionaires' gold without its bitterness; he laughs derisively at a group of felons laboring in a jail garden as his great coach sweeps pompously along the boulevard. But the sun of the French afternoon is going down and he must away to the Louvre for the King has given him audience. Twilight drops over the land and all the people grow tired—

The convict nods; the light in his cell burns dimly—night is coming across the mountains yonder: one last blood-red glare of day and it is dark! Dark! and O so still and cold—

For the last narrow thread of light in the tiny globe above has given place to blackness, and the silence is the dread hush of the Bastile.

* * * * * * * *

It is one of the writer's vivid recollections that G. A. Henty, Captain Marryat and other plotting fictionists made the scaling of walls and the baffling of jailors the climacteric points of many boyhood stories. Thanks for those ingenious dreamers who gave youth its stimulating cup of adventure.

To have escaped from prison seemed, at thirteen, the most glorious halo that could surround one's declining years. And so hundreds of hours have been spirited away in nearly every boy's life by this masterful craving for something spectacular.

Some of these seven hundred convicts as boys read, no doubt, all the intrepid adventures of the book world but alack, under the stale touch of prison life the bow-and-arrow heroics are reduced to the flattest pessimism, which from day to day receives not even the variety of pain.

The thought of escape must, in the nature of things, be constantly at work. Hatred of captivity must day after day breed a tempting train of thought. But seldom are the convicts' desires to knock down a guard or scale a wall put into practise. The exceptions are, for the reason of their rarity, the more interesting.

It was twenty years ago that the most sensational attempt at escape was recorded.

Several of the cleverest plotters among the convicts began elaborate preparations for a general mutiny on Christmas Day when all were seated together in the dining hall. It was planned that at a signal from their leader they should leap upon their guards, disarm them, and then employ whatever vengeance their passions might lead to. An assault upon the outer walls was to follow, and with ropes and ladders gathered from the factories, a fair chance of success

promised. The reckoning was quixotic.

Christmas Day dawned crisp and bright. The relief sections took their places and let the night watchers home to bed. Noon came. Plum pudding, the sole luxury in the long twelvemonth, was laid steaming upon the tables of the great hall. There were extra portions of other foods, too, for the half-famished regiment. But as the meal wore on, the shifting glances of the ringleader told the anxious comrades that all was not right. Some mischief-maker had been doling information to the chief keeper. Strange, that no sentries were allowed on the hall floor that day, but kept to their watchers' galleries high above the level! Desperate enough to take chances, when so much had been staked, the leader raised his hand. Just as quickly did the heavy doors of the room swing back, and there stood before the mutineers' astonished eyes, fifty red-coated soldiers of the Kingston Garrison artillery, who one hour before had been given a hurry-up call by the anxious warden.

Dismayed and beaten, the convicts crowded into one corner of the room. The guards entered under rifle cover, and picked out the leaders. The mutiny was over, and so far from conferring benefits on the already burdened men, removed the one valued privilege of dining in company. The dining hall was closed for convicts' use that day, and has not been opened since.

Captain Chartrand, brought from St. Thomas, seven years ago, was declared insane and locked in the lunatic ward. To escape from that particular quarter of the Kingston penitentiary, one might innocently wager, would tax the ingenuity of a broomstick witch. All windows of cells are, of course, heavily barred. Remove them with a file, and two mighty walls, under the watchful eyes of riflemen day and night, cut off the escape by water. The cell doors are made of unbreakable steel, and at the end of the passage stands a huge set of doors locked with keys that weigh a pound apiece. Even with access to every part of the building, no man gets into the free air until he has signalled the sentry at the main gate, who comes trotting over with the only key. But the insane Jew, with the cunning that so often illumines the brain when reason has fled, not only left bars and guards behind, but walked for nearly two weeks a free man through the front counties of the St. Lawrence. How he managed was never definitely known, except that he fashioned a home-made rope of bedding to one of the high walls, and passed five or six guards before he reached safety. But the strangest feature of all was that after his year's planning for liberty, he allowed himself to be captured by a village constable in the main street of Rockport, near Brockville, Ontario.

A favorite method of years past, one which succeeded in some cases, was to lie unnoticed in the bottom of an empty grain wagon and to allow the other convicts to cover one up with straw or refuse, in the hope that the load would be left in the field over night, or dumped in some hidden corner of outside prison property.

The passing of the spectacular in prison escapes which gave newspaper writers in the old days their second heaven of joy can readily be explained. In these times, it takes a clever convict to outwit a force of watchers who have mastered every trick of his predecessors in crime. To find and take advantage of the loophole that the ingenuity of the law has not blocked, may bring freedom for one man, but it forever blocks that door for all who come after. Only with a distinctive novelty may one hope to break through the network of a big penitentiary, and in this requirement, the modern convict must admit his lack. Criminals as a class have deteriorated in daring, a fact which gives the hardened old safe-blower a fit of blues, but for which society should be truly thankful. The burglar class is fast disappearing in the big Canadian prisons, giving place to common door-mat thieves, horse thieves, bigamists, and moral degenerates of a less human brand. These make up seventy per cent., and leave only a narrow corner for the really "toney" crooks, the forgers, bank

breakers, "genteel" pickpockets or "guns".

There are no such men entering penitentiaries to-day as "Clutch" Donoghue who went to his final account several years ago after a series of daring robberies; "Mollie Matches," alias Joe Larney, Joe Dubuque; Walter Jones; Walter Irwin, and "Blinkey" Morgan.

In the prison records of a few years ago, there is an entry of "Harry Tompkins, escaped." But that barely tells the story. In the course of some repair work a force of tinsmiths was sent to the prison by a Kingston firm. As the men proceeded with their jobs in the jail yard, Tompkins saw what he believed to be a heaven-sent opportunity. Disappearing an instant behind a shed, he daubed his face with soot, rubbed dirt into his clothes to obscure the stripes, and then picking up a piece of lead pipe, walked deliberately to the north gate and passed through unquestioned. He was never captured.

The names of the heroes in the following incident have dropped from the records, but the story remains the most lurid piece of prison daring in the annals of Canadian crime.

It was a glorious summer day when Warden Lavell standing on the lake shore suggested a trip in his steam yacht as an excellent entertainment for Inspector Moylan, who had arrived the day previous. Two expert machinists among the convicts were ordered to put the vessel in order, while the warden and his guest strolled about the grounds. Obedient as on a dozen former occasions, the two "trusties" got up steam, tried out the machinery and found everything in perfect working order. Suddenly, without giving any notice of their desperate intentions, they threw off the ropes, opened the throttle and with the helm jammed hard over, headed the vessel straight for the American shore, across Lake Ontario. Shots were fired in volleys from the watch towers, but the yacht kept its pace steadily for the south; the pair were never captured, which was owing largely to the accidental absence of every steam craft from Kingston harbor that afternoon. Next day the boat was found scuttled on the beach, six miles east of Oswego.

"Blinkey" Morgan, who was hanged recently at Pittsburg for the murder of Detective Hooligan, was another escape "hero", cutting his way from his cell after six months' secret preparation.

Christmas eve has been notable in prison history for the frequency of attempts for freedom. On that date in the year 1889, Oscar Hopkins and six companions, employed as bakers, were kneading a huge batch of currant bread, when at a preconcerted signal, they leaped upon their guards, disarmed them, and tied their arms and legs to the wall. A bunch of keys found on one of them, admitted the convicts to the change-room where they stole quantities of civilian attire and secured coils of rope which carried them in safety over the wall. Not one was captured. Hopkins was arrested in New York as a runaway, but fought extradition and was not brought back.

Probably no prisoner has enjoyed such a halo of international reputation as "Kid" McManus. About two years ago at the expiration of an eight year sentence for robbing Bryson and Graham's store in Ottawa, McManus was arrested on a warrant of the French government, charging him with stealing nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of bonds from the safe of the American Express company in Paris. At this juncture came an interesting interference. Senator Sullivan and "Tom" Foley, sheriff of New York, in whose political battles McManus had been an invaluable instrument, arrived in Kingston, patted their old pal on the shoulder and accompanied him to Montreal where he appeared before the extradition court. Meanwhile a request came from the French government that the charge be dropped, and McManus was discharged. It was generally understood that the stolen bonds which McManus claimed had been placed in a valise and dropped from the deck of a liner on the Mediterranean had been secretly secured to the express company by the New York politicians. But the story of McManus' complications did not end there.

Though the New Yorker's brief freedom after the Paris robbery was cut short by his capture on the Ottawa charge, his two accomplices in France, Eddie Guerin and May Churchill, both of Chicago, were caught, and Guerin received a life sentence on Devil's Island, where Captain Dreyfus served his exile. "Chicago May" as the woman was called, got five years, and after her release picked up acquaintance with a Chicago crook named Charlie Smith. After five years' incarceration, Guerin escaped by night from Devil's Island and returned to America. A few months later he crossed to London, and was traitorously handed over to the police by his former female companion, but the judges refused to send him over the Channel, and again he walked his old haunts a free man. The desire for revenge sent him in search of the Churchill woman and her comrade, whom he really blamed for the act of bad faith. One bright afternoon all three met in Hyde Park. Without an instant's warning, a pistol flashed from Smith's pocket and Guerin fell unconscious to the ground. Though his wounds proved to be slight, the trick cost Smith his liberty for life, and the woman was sent down for fifteen years, as his accomplice.

In all stories of escaping prisoners one must, strangely enough, seek his material in the yellowed records, or the human recollections of by-gone years. Modern means of publicity have stolen the wings from the runaway convict. Quicker than the fleetest posse, that bitter enemy of the law-breaker, the telegraph wire is hounding him back into the clutching arms of justice. Before a fugitive may go ten miles to the east or south, a hundred mile radius is burning with the news, and a thousand officers are looking for that man with the sandy complexion, heavy eyebrows, blue eyes, haggard cheeks, whose right ear bears a yellow scar.

* * * * * * * *

The memory of Charles McGill, the wrecker of the Ontario Bank, has by this time given place to a dozen nine-day wonders. He had pilfered deliberately to plunge in the stock markets, and quick as the movement of men on a checker board, he exchanged the raiment of a society drawing room for the dull gray togs of a convict's cell. The fickle mob of newspaper readers have long since forgotten him, but there was one young girl that held Charles McGill's misfortune as her own —his daughter. Every little while she comes to the gate of the penitentiary with a basket of good things on her arm. The guards know her by now. They lead her to the door of the accountant's room, and there she is left alone with the gray-haired man, who has been cut off from the luxury of friends and family in the finest years of his life.

Once upon a time there was a portrait painter, begging recognition and wealth from a hard world that would have none of him. The starved and sensitive heart asked for bread, and was tossed a stone. One day he saw the chance to forge a rich man's name. He got the money; enjoyed it for one week and then—the gates of the prison clanged on his back. The good priest of the Roman Catholic chapel, realizing the fatal discrepancy between the artist and his surroundings begged the warden that he might be assigned to painting canvases for the church walls. But the younger man's life was not destined to bloom in a captive cell. He painted for exactly three months, wonderful images of divine figures from Bible scenes, and when it was over, asked the priest who had befriended him for a committal to the prison hospital. There, one evening in his weakness, he thanked them all, and with the priest kneeling beside the iron couch, fell slowly into his long sleep.

Some years before the present incumbent, Warden Platt, was appointed to office, an Ontario politician, long since retired from active work, so pleased the Federal authorities that he was lifted to the prison governorship. In respect of his office, he became absolute master of the guards, the convicts, and the maker of numerous minor regulations. But with the taking of the public plum, he found himself face to face with a great fear.

One year before, his youngest son had gone into the world with every promise of an honorable career. Temptation gripped him, and with the violation of his employer's trust, he was driven for safety to the criminal dives of a great city. The haunting dread of his own boy some day coming back as a convict to the very penitentiary over which he was warden, drove the parent to the border of insanity. But while he governed that prison, his fatherly sympathy made his period of office the least rigorous in the history of the institution.

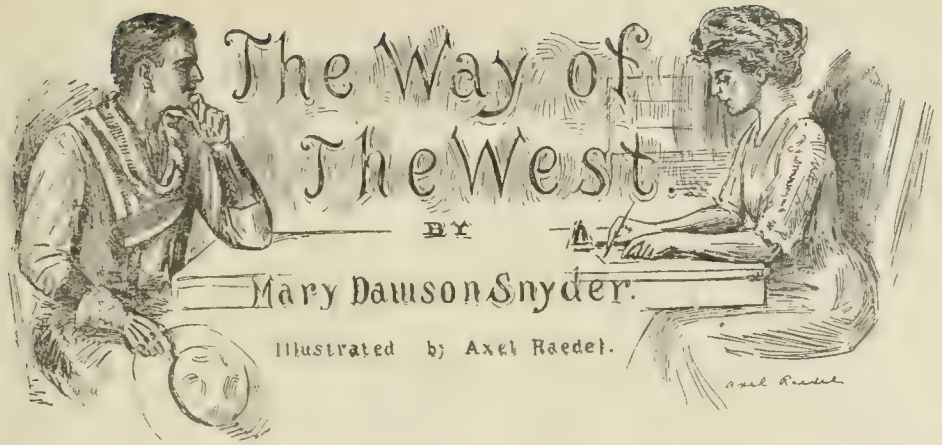
A penitentiary, on its merriest day is a valley of eternal shadow. That newspaper headline wonder, who tripped up the bank for a hundred thousand, has passed into a silence as intense as death. He and the tailor man may form a friendly acquaintance with the gaunt thief who murdered a citizen for refusing him bread—but their loves and hates are starved for want of occupation. It is not for chained brutes to be friends, to love their neighbors, to chant a *credo* because a chaplain nods his head. Christianity has raised up few John Bunyans to vitalize the gloom of prison with glad singing. Even our commonest rules of civility carry their own amendments when uniformed sharp-shooters and jealous mountains of stone laugh at any dogma but the lordly right of might.

THE LAST TOAST

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THIRTY good men lie out on the heath
And white and staring and drinking the rain,
The raven atop and the bracken beneath—
And here stand other good thirty again.
Ho! what care we for the thirty reft us,
Our throats are dust and the goblets ring;
O hearts of gold, lads, O thirty left us,
The King—a toast to the King!

Hark to the crash at the outer door,
The hue and cry of the rebel scum;
And what be thirty to thirty score?—
A toast—fill all—and the end is come.
The King! The King—see the moment passes
And Lady Fortune hath taken wing;
A toast and we lie with the shattered glasses—
The King—by God—to the King!



CHAPTER I.

"YOU'LL be too early for the party, won't you, laddie?" asked Mrs. Field, looking up from the tea she was pouring as her son came from the doorway after calling to one of the men to saddle and bring his broncho.

"I'm going round by the station with a book for young Maclennan. It's only five miles further and I think the youngster's lonely," answered her son.

"Take some of those hot hiscuits and honey with you. I doubt the lad doesn't fare very well cooking for himself," said Mrs. Field.

"Thinking of the time I lived in one of those box cars and made slap-jacks, eh, Little Mother," questioned Gay Field, with an affectionate glance at the happy, placid face across the table. "Never told you, did I, about the time the supply car was stalled Christmas week. It was on the North Shore, you know. Bob and I (Bob King was the day operator) had toast while the bread lasted; slap-jacks for two days, till the flour ran out; and only potatoes and raspberry jam for breakfast, dinner and supper Christmas day."

"Oh, Gay—"interrupted his mother.

"We made up for it when the car got through," laughed her son. "Spent about a week's pay for one feed. But it *is* lonely for this kid at the siding. Only one operator there. You know the day man's twenty miles down the line."

Gay spoke feelingly. It was in the early days of the railway, and he knew the life of the operator at the lonely order-stations of the West. Six years before, loose-jointed, raw-boned and tall beyond his strength he had left a city telegraph office in Ontario where the long hours and constant desk work were rounding his shoulders and narrowing his chest, and had gone west with his father.

They invested their small capital in ranch land and a few head of cattle. Then, at a cost of ten dollars apiece, each took up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres adjoining their ranch. Next year they bought more cattle, and, having put up a house, sent east for Gay's mother and sister.

Now a general air of homeliness and comfort pervaded the place. A lawn and garden were hedged and fenced in about the house and Manitoba maples set to shelter these and the out-buildings against which fruit trees were planted.

Gay and his father had done pioneer work during the first year or two of their venture. They had dug their own ditches, put up their out-buildings, fenced in their garden and helped build their home and drill for a well.

The life in the open air handling the axe, the hammer and the spade, and the long hours in the saddle rounding up the herd or riding for supplies to the nearest settlement, ten miles distant, had knit the loose joints of the nineteen

year old lad, filled out his chest, hardened his muscles, and tanned his cheeks, until now, at twenty-five, more than one woman agreed with his mother that a handsomer man than Gay Field was not to be found between the 'Peg and Medicine Hat.

Things had prospered with the Fields until, owning 2,000 acres of ranch land running back to the knolls that slope like green snowdrifts to the base of the Cypress Hill, their cattle were noted far and near.

During the first three winters of the six after leaving the East, Gay had gone back to telegraphy, earning from fifty to sixty-five a month at the order-stations which dotted the long line of the railway from New Ontario to the coast.

It was in one of the most primitive of these, a box-car ditched at a siding, that young Bob Maclennan was stationed as night telegraph operator.

"I'll be back in time for breakfast, Little Mother," called Gay from the saddle, looking, in wide-brimmed felt hat, leather chaps fringed from hip to heel, and loosely knotted 'kerchief about his neck, a typical cow-boy. "So long!" Waving his hand and whistling lustily, "We won't be home till morning," he cleared the low hedge of closely-cropped wolf willow and set off at a canter down the black, velvety trail.

"Wonder if I'll get all piled up and lose my nerve?" said Gay to himself, smiling at the mental picture of his own confusion. "I've got to ask her to-night, Billy," he continued, patting the broncho's neck affectionately. "She goes home to-morrow."

The girl referred to was Minnie Trueman who, since before Christmas had been visiting her brother, the general storekeeper at the little settlement nearest the Field ranch. She had come west hoping to cheer what she supposed would be lonely holiday hours for him, and expected to be all but buried alive while doing so. Instead she found the hours slip by day after day almost unnoticed. Old pastimes were resurrected and new ones introduced by the jovial whole-hearted Westerners she met, whose hospitality was as unstinted as their fields were wide.

Socials, parties and even sleighrides and coasting—when the warm chinook winds let the snow lie long enough for a taste of winter sports—had made December and January very gay. In February the polo season opened,—for Alberta is the home of the polo pony—and in the long, light evenings polo matches and ball games were played after the day's work was done, on ranches within a radius of fifteen miles and more.

A trip to Banff with its hot sulphur springs high up among the Rockies and rides and drives on visits across the prairies carried the days away with surprising rapidity. Her promised six-weeks' visit had lengthened out till June, but now the approaching marriage of a cousin, whose bridesmaid she was pledged to be, made Minnie Trueman's return to Toronto imperative.

"She promised me the last dance," ruminated Gay. "Wonder if she guesses what I want to say to her on the way home? Bet I make a muss of it!"

With heart heating high with hope, despite his fears for his traitor tongue, Gay turned his horse from the trail and rode across the prairie, past the wild portulacas, the primulus, the pale yellow snapdragons, the blue star-flowers of the flax, the clumps of wild timothy and fragrant wolf willow, on towards the old box car station which, in the level rays of the sun, glowed red as an over-ripe strawberry against a vivid background of green.

CHAPTER II.

"Fs! Fs! Fs!" clicked the telegraph instrument in the old box car, and Bob Maclennan turned from the saucepan into which he had just dumped a can of pork and beans to answer the call for "Fields," as his station was named.

Bob's "I! I! Fs," indicating his attention, the kindly despatcher at the other end, abbreviating his words as is the custom with telegraphers when conversing over the wires, said:

"Bad news f-r u old man. M-s-g f-m Pt. Arthur to u says, 'Mother not

so well. Come home imm-y. (sig) Annie.'"

"If I go down on 10 can u get man here by t-m-w nite?" asked the boy, who had blanched at the first word of bad news.

"Sorry, Bob. Can't," replied the despatcher. "Davis will be back at Smith da-aft-r t-m-w. I'll send u his sub. then."

Smith was the next station, twenty miles west. Tom Davis, the regular operator there, had been home on a month's vacation and a substitute named Bill Martin was filling his place.

Bob's heart sank. His sister Annie, he knew, would not telegraph him unless his mother were in serious danger. Travelling night and day it would take him nearly forty eight hours to reach home. Even then he might be too late to see the mother he adored. Once on the train, each minute bringing him nearer her, he might give battle to suspense. But to sit quietly and *wait* two days for a relief operator was intolerable.

"I'll not do it!" raged the boy. "Ill let everything slide. She's *my mother*. What do I care if the whole road is wrecked so long as I get to her in time. I'll go down on a freight and wait for the express at Maple Creek."

Then in a flash came his mother's teaching of "Duty first; duty always," and a vision of her sorrow if his neglect brought grief to other homes.

A down freight pulled in for orders. Now was his chance. Why not start for home? Perhaps everything would be all right, he argued, even if he did desert his post.

"Smith said the express was an hour late. Has she made up any?" asked the conductor as Bob gave him clearance to the next station. He waited a few seconds, wondering why the chubby-cheeked young operator, who was always ready for a laugh and a joke with the train crews, made no reply, then went out.

Bob had fought off the temptation. At the mention of Smith he turned quickly to his instruments and began excitedly to call the next order station twenty miles further west.

"Sm—Sm—Sm," he called again and again and again, hoping against hope that the operator there, who was on duty during the day, had not yet left for the dance at the little settlement lying between them.

"Bill could come here from Smith on the first freight and go back the same way in the morning! If he doubled down to Fields again at night that would fill in most of my trick!" argued Bob to himself. "He'd do it, I know, if he dropped in his tracks afterwards—and he could get *some* sleep between trains! It'd work all right except in an emergency," reasoned Bob, every argument made to the accompaniment of three dots and two dashes, which grew more and more imperative in tone and persistency as the seconds passed until even those uninitiated in the mysteries of the

"SHE PROMISED ME THE LAST DANCE," RUMINATED GAY

Morse code, had they heard the call, must have felt its urgency.

But "Sm" was not to be "raised" that night, and in despair Bob dropped his head on his arms, and, with his face close to the table which served as desk in the part of the car devoted to office duties, prayed that his mother's life might be spared.

Meanwhile the pork and beans on the stove at the other end of the "station," which was used as bedroom and kitchen, sizzled, spluttered, and burned, filling the car with smoke, which, as if rejoicing in its liberty, rolled riotously out from the tar-papered confines of the little order-station to be wafted far and near over the wide, free prairie lands.

CHAPTER III.

"Good, isn't it, Billy?" said Gay Field as his broncho sniffed the smell of roast pork which came from the direction of the siding.

"Hello! What's the kid up to, anyway?" he exclaimed, apprehensively noticing the smoke rolling from the opening in the side of the car, and quickening Billy's easy canter to a vigorous gallop as the strident call of "Sm—Sm—Sm," with the signing initials of the Fields station, "Fs," came to him across the clear air of the quiet prairie—for sounds carry far on those wide unbroken stretches of plain-land. "Smith's operator has left for the dance by this time," he ruminated, and the thought of what the dance that night meant to *him* brought a glow of happiness to heighten the signal of health on his cheek.

Once inside the car a few words explained the situation.

"You're right, Mac," said Gay Field, throwing the contents of the stewpan into the fire as he spoke. "You can't be Scotch and shirk a duty once you *see* it!"

Gay's mother was Scotch so he spoke feelingly. Even as he said it his own duty flashed upon him. *He himself must relieve Maclennan, give up the dance, and with it the opportunity of asking Minnie Trueman to be his wife.*

"I can't do it," he argued to himself. "She goes east to-morrow night. It's my only chance!"

"You can write," urged his better self.

"I couldn't put what I want to say on paper! I've got to talk to her! She expects me to-night! I want to get permission to write—to say good-bye to her—I want—"

"You want to please yourself," suggested his inward monitor. "Mac may want to say good-bye, too."

The thought of the long farewell the lad beside him might be called to make decided Gay. His face paled but his voice was cheery and gave no hint of the sacrifice he was making as he said:

"I have it, Mac! We'll throw the 'dog' against the express; you hop aboard and I'll keep house."

"The dog" was a wooden arm a little over a foot long and about five inches wide that swung in a socket on top of the car. When the line was clear it stood parallel with the roof, held there by a cord looped to a nail over the operator's desk. When this cord was released it threw the arm out across the track, and no train, be it ever so special, dared pass that signal. Attached to the wooden arm was a lantern showing red at night when "the dog" was "thrown," or yellow if the line was clear. On the three thousand miles of railway stretching from Quebec to Vancouver all train orders had to be repeated back, ensuring correctness. The rule was imperative that no "stop order" should be so repeated back by any of these little stations until the cord had been slipped from the nail and the signal thrown across the track, thus eliminating any chance of forgetfulness.

"Stop the express!" exclaimed Bob. "She'd eat us up if we did!" But, despite his protest, hope gripped him hard.

"Of course we'll stop her," said Gay. "The Con. won't care when we tell him why. Even if he does kick you'll have time to climb on. Come, get your traps together and I'll make you some tea."

With the practised hand of a pioneer, Field fanned the embers in the little camp stove to brightness, built up the

fire and in a few minutes had the kettle singing in a home-like, business manner.

"Here's some buns and honey mother sent you," said he, setting the jar and bag of biscuits on the table. "Got any condensed milk?" he asked, rummaging among the delf and provisions on the shelf till he found the required tin. "Dad and I put up with this till

"Of course we could," answered Gay. "But we weren't always there to do it. Sometimes we were two or three days away from the ranch. A cow'll go dry if you don't milk her regularly. Haven't you noticed how few there are in the West? Fellows who are batching it can't attend to them properly. Even where there are women and children on the farms and ranches

MILES OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, GAY READ HER LETTER AND WAS HAPPY

the folks came from the east," Gay went on, talking continuously to keep thoughts of his own disappointment in the background. "My! how I loathe the stuff! Wasn't I glad to get a real glass of milk? And buttermilk—— Um-m-m!"

"Why didn't you keep a cow?" asked Maclennan. "Couldn't you or your father milk?"

there's seldom more than one cow kept," he went on, still drowning his thoughts with his voice. "Out here the men do all the milking and a man generally thinks he can spend his time more profitably than doing chores of that sort. It's different from down east where every farm house has butter to sell. We sell the beef and make things easy for the women folk."

Bob ate his supper with healthful relish and had scarcely finished when the mysterious warning hum of the rails outside heralded the approach of the express.

"Throw on the dog!" shouted Gay, springing as he spoke across the car and slipping the looped cord from the nail.

"By the living twist!" he exclaimed with a breath of relief. "We nearly forgot that!"

Snorting and puffing as though indignant at the holdup, the express stopped with an angry jerk. Fireman and engineer both leaned far out from the cab to see what was wrong, and the conductor jumped down to the bramble of briar roses by the track where Gay and Bob stood waiting.

"Durned if they haven't turned Fields into a passenger day-po!" ejaculated the fireman as Bob climbed to the steps of the day coach and Gay, having pulled back "the dog" jumped to the ground again and tossed the boy's valise to the car platform.

The engineer too had seen Bob Maclennan get aboard and very boyish the lad had appeared beside the stalwart western rancher and the big, good-natured conductor.

"I defy the face of clay to make time on this division," grumbled he, letting the whistle screech out with uncalled for vehemence. "If it isn't a cow on the road it's a kid!"

CHAPTER IV.

"So much for Buckingham!" quoted Gay with a shrug of his broad shoulders as the train pulled past him. "It's about time for the first dance." Looking at his watch he found it was nine o'clock, though overhead and to the westward soft opalescent shades of saffron, pink and mauve blended into the blue and grey of the east, for twilight lingers long in the West and the summer darkness does not settle down till ten.

"She'll think I'm a quitter," said Gay, ruefully, little guessing that, had he looked up at the vestibuled sleepers he was close enough to touch he would have seen the girl he was thinking of struggling manfully (in all but muscle) to open the window against which her face was pressed.

Like other passengers conversant with that portion of the road Minnie Trueman was surprised when they stopped at the little order station, and, looking out for the cause, discovered Gay Field at the roadside. She wanted to call to him—to explain that her cousin's wedding was to be a week earlier than anticipated—that she must leave *that* day or miss the ceremony,—but the window would not open. The stop was only for a second or two and Gay was far beyond the sound of her voice when the porter released the spring that held the sash.

"I hadn't time to leave him even a note," said the girl to herself. "I don't like to write to him from Toronto. It might look as if I wanted to start a correspondence," and she blushed at the self-accusation, knowing well she had hoped Gay would ask her to write him.

"But he should be at the dance and not at Fields," she thought, suddenly realizing that it was after nine o'clock. "Perhaps he didn't mean anything when he was so particular about that *last* dance, after all!"

She was startled from her reverie a few minutes later by hearing a man in the seat ahead say:

"Wasn't that young Field, the rancher, who flagged the train? What was up?"

"Wanted me to rush the kid operator Maclennan, from his order-station down to Port Arthur. The boy's mother's dying. Field's an old operator, and he's as white as they make 'em, too. Goin' to run the box-car sheebang himself until they send a man to take Maclennan's place."

"Knows how to telegraph, eh? He has the ranch business down to the ground, all right," remarked the passenger. "Some of his three-year-olds this season weighed between 1,400 and 1,600 pounds, and he had four-year-olds, topped off with grain six weeks before marketing, that went from a ton to 2,250 pounds.

"But I thought he'd be at the settlement dance to-night. Half a dozen of our people came down for it."

"Likely he chucked the party to get the kid out of a hole," said the conductor going out without comment on the statement that people from Medicine Hat had travelled over a hundred miles for a dance.

"Isn't he just splendid!" said Minnie Trueman under her breath, her pretty eyes bright with the vision she saw of the big unselfish cow-boy putting aside his own pleasure and plans, and waving a cheery good-bye to the homesick lad he had befriended. "I *will* write and say I'm sorry to come away without seeing him," she added, and she lost no time in acting upon her resolution.

That was why two notes reached Gay Field a few days later, both stamped Port Arthur. The one addressed in the easy, running hand of a telegrapher, he opened at the post-office and gave a boyish whoop of joy when he learned from it that the crisis of Bob's mother's illness was safely past.

The other envelope, adorned with angular feminine characters, he slipped unopened into his smock until miles out on the prairie. Then, with the broncho's neck-rein hanging loosely over his arm, he read it, and was happy, knowing in his heart that the writer of the impulsive little note he had just received would give a kindly hearing to the plea in his letter mailed her two days before.

IN CHERRY LANE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

HE loves me, he loves me!
And what is that to me?
For many a man has loved a lass,
As may—forgotten be.

He loves me, he loves me!
But wherefore should I care?
For many a lad in April-time
Has found a maiden fair.

He loves me, he loves me!
I passed him by to-day;
And O, the lad looked after me
Without a word to say.

He loves me, he loves me—
Oh, not a whit care I!
* * * * * * *
I'll rest awhile in Cherry Lane
I wish he would come by.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs. Corbett, an old friend.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Under present conditions amiability was not hard to sustain. For an hour the two old friends held the conversational reins between them, and although they ignored the rest of the party, and spoke of purely personal topics, no one else felt inclined to forego the pleasure of listening to the rapid volleying of questions and answers. There are some people, who, though personal, are interesting and amusing; we never tire of hearing them converse in the concrete, while the same subject discussed by some one else would bore the listener to the point of tears.

Both of these women were the kind to whom people involuntarily listen. Millie Evans interrupted at last, quite bewildered.

"I can't keep up," she complained, "You have only asked one question, when you answer the second one ahead."

"There are only a few of us who can do that, my dear," explained Mrs. Corbett, elaborately. "As a matter of fact, our minds are so perfectly attuned that conversation between us is entirely superfluous; we only do this to amuse you. We jump from one subject to another with perfect ease and freedom—"

"With the agility of the mountain goat," interrupted Fay, "leaping from crag to crag and precipice to precipice."

"Hush, everybody," commanded the older woman, softly, "I want to watch the sunset."

"Me, too," said Fay, and for a time there was silence in the boat, while the flaming ball dipped its rim into the restless sea, then slipped quickly out of sight, leaving a brilliant afterglow.

"Oh," breathed Millie, putting her head against her husband's sleeve, "isn't it perfect! It makes me want to cry!"

"It is very big," Mrs. Corbett spoke the words, softly, "very big, and full of peace. I am glad to be even a small part of it."

Ponsonby and Robert watched her a

moment, then turned their glance to the girl beside her. There was a strange temperamental resemblance both between the two men and the two women. Given different conditions, it is more than likely that all four could have exchanged places and still have felt the tenor of their lives quite uninterrupted.

Irene Corbett had perhaps less contempt for weakness than Fay. She was naturally more indolent, and luxury-loving; she was more of an actress—that is, she frequently simulated an attitude for the sheer love of conjecturing the result upon those about her.

For instance she would amuse herself by feigning distressing boredom when with Ponsonby, inciting him to greater efforts to please her, being all the while amply entertained. She would curb an impulse to be natural as a matter of discipline, because it was at variance with some trivial conventionality; she was something of a *poseur* entirely for her own amusement, as it mattered little to her what effect her attitude had upon those nearest her. She was thoroughly conscious of her own magnetism and did not scruple to use it for her pleasure, having reached the philosophical conclusion that we all take life too seriously; we are but atoms, here to-day, and to-morrow with "Seven Thousand years"; "sip as you go," was her motto, "but stop before arriving at a dangerous crisis."

Fay Chester was not an actress; she was one of her many selves, according to her humor, the humor of those about her, and her environment. Like the chameleon, she took color easily, and did not try to restrain herself. When she felt gay, she gave herself up to joyousness, with an abandon which infected every one else. Under similar circumstances, Mrs. Corbett would have curbed her gaiety, giving a suggestion of something deeper than she cared to show, a reserve which stimulated the curiosity of her companions, and made them long to sound the depths. Of course she was twice Fay's age, and had drunk of the bitterness of life, but like the younger woman she had the faculty of throwing off that which would have broken a less mercurial temperament.

People stood rather in awe of Mrs. Corbett, "she is a dangerous woman," they said. Fay, to the casual onlooker, was a butterfly, ingenuous, frank, harmless.

Just now as the men looked at her, she presented an entirely different picture. Sitting on the poop deck, with her knees drawn up to her chin, and her arms clasped around them, she looked far into the glow, now fading to opalescent shades of mellowness and peace; her wide-open, serious eyes, heavy with the love of it all. What physical passion was to most people, the love of nature, and of music was to her. She could feel her mentality steep itself in the abandonment of a pleasure which intoxicated her, she drank in the beauty of the scene with a thirst which a drunkard feels, at the sight of liquor, she *ached* with the fullness of her joy, and slowly closed her eyes to blot out all but the memory of it.

Though Mrs. Corbett may have experienced something of the same sensation, she did not abandon herself to it; she leaned comfortably back against her cushions and smiled at Ponsonby and Robert with a look which said, "I can read your thoughts at a glance," though, as a matter of fact, until that moment she had not thought of them at all.

Millie Evans sighed.

"Don't you ever feel like taking someone's hand"—she suited the action to the words—"and running along that strip of crimson right into the beginning of things?"

Fay roused herself and shook her head.

"I don't. That presupposes the *necessity* for some particular one's presence, or the absence of self-reliance; I should love to go, but I should want to go alone." She stopped suddenly, and looked earnestly at Robert.

"I understand," he said, "go on."

"You see," she continued, thus encouraged, "when two people run together, for any length of time, they

discover one of two things, either the monotony of the run, or that there is a difficulty because they are not perfectly mated. One goes a little fast, having to hold back and wait for the laggard to catch up; the slow one has to put forward unaccustomed efforts (quite impossible to endure) or to be dragged along, and the result from either is distressing. The mistake lies in the beginning," she said earnestly, looking off into the west, again, "in the taking of someone's hand to make the run. If we started alone and midway between here and the Heart of Things discovered that we had been running side by side with some one though entirely independent of him—then perhaps it would be safe to join hands and go on together. Am I not right?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby. "Quite," agreed the former, "to my way of thinking, quite. All our silly little lives we accustom ourselves to the thought that we can't do without someone. It is *such* a mistake! There are so few affinities—and there is a reason for it, too—everything and everyone changes; very few people change along the same lines, you know.

"Of course that dependence, that harmony is sweet while it lasts, but we should not cling to the remembrance of what it *was*—adjust something better for the present! But having depended so long on that which is not within ourselves, this is impossible, and we drink bitter drops of misery." She paused and looked at the distant shore. The little company had fallen into a serious mood, and were silent. Ponsonby and Robert took the lesson to themselves in very much the same way, each felt secure in the knowledge that he knew the woman with whom he dealt, and was satisfied to have it so. Millie and her husband were rather intolerant of such an idea, pitying the rest of mankind for their inability to climb such dizzy heights of bliss as they had reached. How strange it is that those who have love's fever, cannot apply its abstract principles to themselves.

"What would you do?" asked Millie, presently. "It would be dreadful not to love someone."

"Love someone—love many some ones," advised Mrs. Corbett, "spend your life in loving; in just the same proportion to your loving, are you beloved; but don't let that make you oblivious to everything else, don't let it carry you into the clouds, as they say. Let it make you all the steadier on *terra firma*."

"You mean," asked Robert, "that those who concentrate on one subject with whom to walk, are selfish in their love, while it lasts, and when it is dispelled are apt to be bitter and lose their illusions, so that rather than do that, you would not have a person concentrate?"

"Yes, that is one way of looking at it. And if the object of your affections is not beside you, give the best of yourself to the one who is; you will help much more that way, than by bottling your love, and keeping it in a dark corner. If you *must* walk through the crimson glow, don't let its beauty depend on the presence of one; see it for yourself and radiate it for the many. Am I clear?"

"To me," answered Fay, softly, "and to you Bobbie?"

"Most of it,I suppose; only I don't believe we are ready for that independence yet, especially women. We may grow to it."

"We are growing to it," cried his *fiancee* earnestly. "Think of the independence we have achieved in the last fifty years."

"And yet," interrupted Mr. Ponsonby, "the most prosperous and civilized countries have been the ones whose women have had the least freedom."

"I consider that we are more highly civilized than they—"

"Corrupt, you mean, Mrs. Corbett," he corrected.

"In our government, perhaps, but I argue that in our home lives we are nearing a perfection of morality, hitherto unknown. We will then have both an absence of corruption in our national affairs and freedom in our private ones."

"And when will all this take place?"

"When there is equality between the sexes," insisted Mrs. Corbett.

Fay clapped her hands, and Evans joined the conversation.

"That will never be," he said.

"Why?"

"Because *good* women will never want it."

"Nonsense!" cried Fay, "you mean that men will continue morally lax, and that women will be allowed the same license; we mean that by a sort of process of elimination, restraint will be removed, and there will be no desire to live otherwise than morally."

"A little vague," suggested Ponsonby, looking with interest at the earnest face of the speaker. He was struck as all people were, by the magnetic intensity of her voice, and found it difficult not to accept what she said, on account of her manner of saying it. He was obliged to repeat her words before realizing just what he thought.

"Vague," she repeated, "well I will try to make it plainer. Begin at the bottom of things and allow, for the sake of argument, that we must walk through the pathway with a mate.

"To do this properly we must be *yoked*. Now grant that the pace of one does not suit the other. The wife, who usually bears the heaviest part of the burden, goes into her closet, and locking her door falls upon her face, crying 'Oh, God, my idol has clay feet. What shall I do?' Then a Pagan voice from somewhere whispers, 'Go away, happiness is still your portion!' Do you understand?"

"I follow you, so far. Of course to begin with, you would do away with the necessity for an affinity, so this contingency would be impossible; but having yoked yourself to one you find yourself unhappy and wish a change. What has that to do with the equality of the sexes though, and the process of elimination?"

"A great deal. Grant that those two, because of this narrow selfish love, the glamour of which blinded them to their real selves for a short time; those two see their mistake, but they can't rectify it, conventionally. They must plod along as every other two are, trying to make the best of it —to get used to it."

"Well?"

"The fault is in the yoke," Fay continued, vehemently. "None of us like being bound; the yoke is too easy to put on and quite proportionately too hard to take off."

"Would you not have people marry?" asked Mrs. Evans, timidly; she was a bride.

"No, I would have them not *want* to marry. I would have them not *need* someone's hand to hold, in order that they should see the beauties of the pathway. I would have them do as Mrs. Corbett said, spend their lives in loving the many—not the One. If there were no necessity for the yoke, conventionally, there would be no desire to throw it off. You know the devil in us always prompts us to do that which we are taught we must not do."

"Then you would have us all live perfectly separate and individual lives?" asked Ponsonby, "and by so doing abolish the necessity for our conventional marriage, thence the cause for breaking its laws, and making one standard for men and another for women."

"Quite," answered the girl, without looking at Patterson, whose eyes, she knew, were fixed on her. This was a sort of test for Robert; if he had evinced any indignation or annoyance during the conversation Fay would have retracted her promise to marry him without delay.

As it was, he was an interested listener, whose sympathies she felt were with her views, strange as that may seem.

"But Fay," objected Mrs. Evans, blushing, "we are supposed to be inspirations for men. How could we be if we did not live with them and be a daily example. Most of them need it."

"They do indeed!" agreed Mrs. Corbett, positively, "and we women make a great mistake in being daily examples. Many of us are not strong enough to stand the strain, and those who are, should be content to give

homeopathic doses; we would do much better if we were not so get-at-able, as to be in the next room, for instance, and many unpleasantnesses would not occur. There is nothing so trying and irritating as being shut up in a house with a man who has aggravated you. As for the rest of your remark, suppose we are inspirations to men; to really help them, we should make *them* self-reliant too. Don't allow them to be dependent on us. It is a distressing feeling for me to think that I have to wear my skirts long enough and strong enough to pilot a man into Paradise."

"Are men so much worse than women?" asked Bobbie, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Corbett shrugged her shoulders. "You know what George Sand said, 'The better I know men, the more I like dogs.' But do let's call a halt for the present—we have Mrs. Evans and Ponsonby serious to the point of tears. You see Fay and I are too hardened to be affected by such trifles, and anyway, I make it a rule never," she pounded a white fist upon her knee, by way of emphasis, "*never* to cry."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,—"began Millie.

"—weep and your nose gets red," finished Fay, with a pout.

On the way home, Mrs. Corbett and Fay had a few moments conversation together.

"I enjoyed our talk this afternoon so much," said the older woman, "and am longing to get you to myself. But aren't you a bit inconsistent?"

Fay turned her magnificent solitaire, which had only come the day before, to the moon's rays, and watched it glitter a moment, in silence, then she said:

"Only in point of the marriage *ceremony*, I think. For myself, I should not mind living my own principles, were it not for—", she stopped, not caring to say that Gordon was the stumbling block, until there was an opportunity to explain the situation more fully than she could at the present.

"Why are you going to marry him?" was Mrs. Corbett's next question. She put just the faintest stress on "him."

"Because he loves me," answered Fay, simply.

"But—"

"Oh, surely *you* won't say that!" she cried as the other was about to speak. "Of course there have been others, but they did not love *me*, I was a sensation, a desire, and I knew it. There was never one, who would have stood the test that Bobbie did this afternoon; there was never one, who was not in a measure blinded to what I really am, and knowing that I was artificial and often self-conscious, I felt that when I took off that something, I would be a disappointment."

"Yes, we are very much what people think us," said Mrs. Corbett, with a tinge of bitterness.

"With Bobbie I have always been perfectly natural; he is my good comrade, much more than my lover. I did not have to try to please him. He was pleased, really, before I knew it, and Mrs. Corbett, he is so free from impulse that I am very sure of him, now and always. A man who is so entirely guided by his *mind* is a treasure, to me." She looked across the boat to where he sat, and smiled. "He is the dearest thing on earth!"

Irene Corbett's gaze wandered to Ponsonby, whose clear cut profile was good to see. He is very much that sort of a man,—now—

"He is very young," she said.

Fay nodded, "Yes, I have considered that, and am conceited enough to think it does not matter. You see I have never *tried* to be nice; I still have the ace of hearts up my sleeve," she added, whimsically.

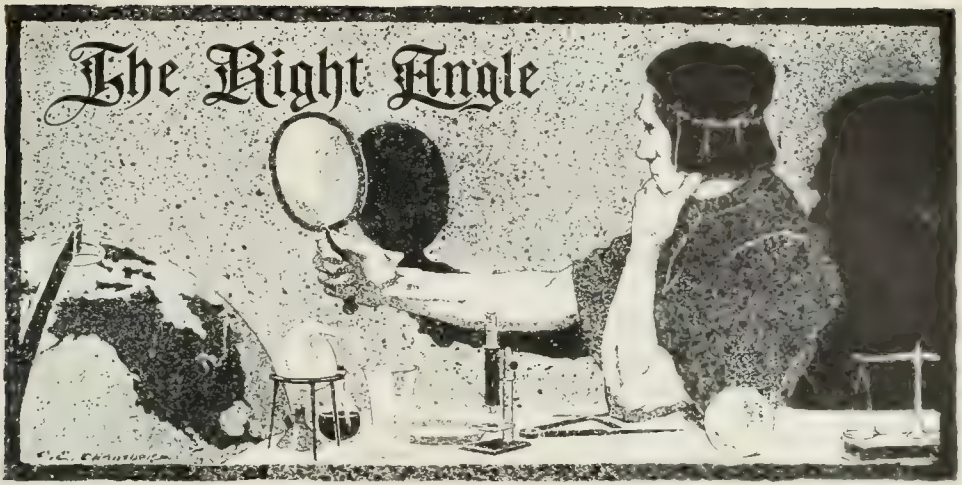
"And what of Mr. Wylde? Oh, I see you frown."

"That question has troubled me. I can't imagine what Gordon will do; you see he does not know."

Ponsonby interrupted them.

"Will you change your clothes and dance?" he asked. "Reaction is setting in with me, and my wooden leg twitches with a desire to trip. Will you change?"

To be continued



ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
Author of "The Garden of Dawn," in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY.

ROOMS

I have heard of the magical incense
That summons the souls of the absent:
Would I had some to burn—
—Japanese Folk-Song.

THE Japanese, so says Lafcadio Hearn, believe that one's spirit is not altogether bound into its perishable clay, but may dissociate itself from the body and dwell where the heart is. It is quite believable, although rather outside our ordinary province of thought. Who has not come into a room, for example, and felt an almost visible presence there though the owner were far away? Anyone who has ever lived in a room and loved it leaves a part of his spirit there.

For instance, there is one room whose chief furnishing is a big rack where rifle, fishing rods, skates, spurs, hockey-sticks, skees and foils hang, all showing signs of hard usage. A bare, clean, open-windowed room, this, smelling of fresh air and worn leather. Another is scented with Bouquet Farnese and littered with silk and silver; another is red-brown and full of books; still another boasts a fireplace and a luxurious couch cheek-by-jowl with a well-stocked cellarette. Who needs a further sketch of the owners?

And then there was a guest-room once at the head of the stairs, a dainty-curtained, mahogany-furnitured, immaculate place as chilly as a tomb in spite of the furnace. Instinctively you went around the other side of the house to avoid passing its door and getting a cold draught down the back of your neck. There was no soul in that room—it was dehumanized—and instinctively you hated it.

Then one day Mother came to live in that room. Little Mother, with her soft gray hair that still curls roguishly around her ears, and her soft voice with the little drop in it like falling water, and her soft small hands with the delicate blue shadows patterning the back. Little Mother—bless her!

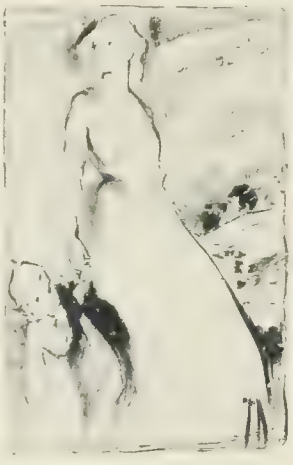
You wouldn't have known that room in a week. It's not that the furniture is all turned around; it's not exactly that her beautiful old blue counterpane is on the bed; it's not simply that she took a common rocking-chair and set it by the sunny window and transformed it instantly into a "mother's chair" with a comfy creak; it's not the soft shawl or the warm sunny look of the room, though I suspect that all these

have something to do with it; it's just that the instant you came into the room you'd know that somebody's mother lived there, and you'd sit right down and feel as if you'd been trying to find where you belonged all your life, and had just got your bearings.

It doesn't matter whether she is there or not; the feel is there just the same, the inhabiting spirit of mother and home. Everybody that comes up the stairs turns into that room like an old horse when he comes to his own gate. It will never be a correctly-cold guest-room again, for she has put a bit of her heart into it forever, no matter what chance of change may pass over its polished floor.

Rooms—yes! Decorated by Adams, or hewn from the prairie sod, the four walls don't matter much—it's the enduring spirit of the dwellers within that invests them with everlasting peace and turns them into heaven and home.

SHE DRAWS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TOO, AND EVEN HERE, HER WOMEN ARE MOCKING, INVITING, MISCHIEVOUS



ONE OF THE "LOVES OF EDWY"

VERY YOURS—"O'NEILL"

ARTIST, author, poet all of these titles belong to fairy-gifted "O'Neill," of the long trailing signature that you look for every month when the new magazines arrive. Her chubby youngsters and wistful, long-eyed women are a delight: her delicately-wrinkled old women and splendid angels and naughty little imps are equally enchanting.

Everybody knows "O'Neill," the artist, but few know the woman behind the name. Not long ago Mrs. Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon completed a new manuscript, and took it up with her publishers. Presently arose the question of an illustrator, and the publisher informed Mrs. Bacon that he had a certain Mrs. Wilson in mind as artist.

"Well, you may take your certain Mrs. Wilson out of your mind at once," said Mrs. Bacon, emphatically. "There is just one person who shall do those pictures, and that is O'Neill."

The publisher grinned, and yielded with surprisingly good grace; and it was as much as fifteen minutes before Mrs. Bacon discovered that his Mrs. Wilson was none other than Rose Cecil O'Neill Wilson, the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, the playwright, and owner of the well-beloved signature, "O'Neill." Needless to say, Mrs. Wilson is now at work on the drawings for the forthcoming book.

Her own new book, "The Lady in the White Veil," is the most delightfully irresponsible piece of fooling that you may meet with in a day's journey. A joyous and unexpected book it is, a book that you read

HER YOUNGSTERS ARE DELIGHTFULLY REAL

"O'NEILL" WORKS AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE AMONG THE TREES, MIDST AN INVITING LITTER OF SKETCHES AND PRINTS AND HER SMALL SISTER'S TEDDY BEARS.

BONNIEBROOK, HER QUAINT OLD SOUTHERN HOUSE AMONG THE OZARK HILLS, HAS A REAL BROOK, BUT IT WAS SHY AND REFUSED TO BE TAKEN.

through breathlessly, madly trying to catch the flying thread of adventures that are always just disappearing around the corner. Eagerly you whisk over the page, chucklingly you read it, gaspingly you finish it, for between paragraphs it has incontinently snatched you through a swift double somersault, and landed you once more on your feet in much the same state of mind as that of the child who, big-eyed and panting, cries "Scare me again!"

It was written, so says the author, as a huge joke, a chapter a day, for the benefit of her young brother and sister. " 'Hurry and tell us how it ends!' they plaintively and continuously cried—and looking as wise as I did was a fearful strain. For I didn't know myself. I worked in my studio at the top of the house among the trees, and tormented them with peals of mellow laughter as I wrote. Do I think that story a Highly Humorous Work? Why, I nearly died over it!" Thus the gay "O'Neill" in a letter to a friend.

The delicate-handed, slim women that all admirers of Mrs. Wilson's work love so well trail their draperies through the book; and although it does not bring the tears with the laughter, as did her earlier story, "The Loves of Edwy," it is well worth reading for its madcap spirit of adventure, if for nothing more.

Not content with being artist and novelist, some of "O'Neill's" friends shrewdly suspect her of having a book-ful of poems up her silken sleeve. She has given us a hint of them in the songs scattered through her stories, and the one we quote will at least suggest their elusive quality.

He is so little and so wan,
This love I lose my life upon,
A little careless lad, but sweet.
Still turn thine idle smile on her
Who wastes her spikenard and her myrrh
Forever on thy feet.

For who could ask a little lad
To love, for loving is but sad,
(Sweet Joseph into bondage sold!)
Still turn thine eyes' award on her
Who wastes her spikenard and her myrrh
Forever unconsoled.

She only twinkles provokingly when taxed with them; yet anybody who finds the tiny hoof-prints of fauns under her window of mornings, and sees fairy lanterns flitting among the trees of Bonniebrook, and is so intimately acquainted with the favorite arrangement of the feathers on angels' wings will bear watching when poets are abroad. Perhaps some day we shall have another little green book of the bards to delight us, full of airy fancy and frail exquisite imagery as her enchanted drawings.

THE LONG, TRAILING SIGNATURE OF ROSE O'NEILL

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"MANY of us have been interested," says the Lethbridge *Weekly Herald*, "in Harvey O'Higgins' articles on Judge Ben Lindsey, 'The Kid's Judge', which have been appearing in *Everybody's*. They have made *Everybody's* sell like hot cakes, and have attracted wide attention from the United States press. The writer is a young Canadian who is making a mark.

"Nature blessed him in the beginning in the matter of a name. Harvey O'Higgins suggests the poetic nature, the susceptible Irish temperament, the imagination of a Don o' Dreams. Of course there's the possibility that he hasn't a drop of Irish blood in his veins, but the name is valuable all the same. It sticks in the reader's mind. Some stuff o' dreams must be in his make-up, for tradition says that when he was a freshman at Toronto University in 1894, he cared for distinction neither in learning nor in sport. He honored lectures occasionally and spent a good deal of his time around newspaper offices. When he was a sophomore, he gave up college and went on the Toronto *Star* as a reporter. Then, on the advice of friends, he went to New York.

"There he and Arthur Stringer dwelt among the gods in a tenement attic for months. The New York editors approved of his stuff and wanted more. He wrote 'Colonial Dames,' and got fifty dollars for it. On the strength of that he got married. Then he began stories about fire-fighting, and these 'snake-eater' yarns enlivened the Sunday supplements and brought him fame. A short novel combining college and circus life came later, and proved successful. Of late short stories have occupied him, and most of them are remarkably good. As Canadians we are proud of his recent work."

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ECONOMIC ADVERTISING

"HOW am I going to hit my nail on the head?" That's the question that every man with an advertising appropriation to spend applies long hours to solving—often to poor advantage, owing to his lack of special training. *Economic Advertising*, a Canadian monthly publication issued by the Woods-Norris Company, Toronto, is just the help such a man requires. Pertinent suggestions, the mechanics of displaying his product to the best advantage, how to plan a campaign, detailed information as to new ideas in publicity work, are some of the phases of advertising treated.

Men like Mr. P. C. Larkin, men who have accomplished real results in the business world, tell the story of their success and analyze the reasons for it in a way that is of real help to the novice. Kernels of advertising wisdom are given in short pithy paragraphs, such as: "An exaggerated statement in an advertisement is like a spot of mud on a new suit—it spoils what otherwise might be a splendid effect." The business man who plans his own advertising, and the man who gives his publicity work to an agency will alike find this magazine helpful.

ALBERTA HAS JUST ADDED A NEW REGIMENT TO HER ALREADY LARGE MILITARY HOUSEHOLD—HERE IS A SQUADRON OF HER CRACK 19TH MOUNTED RIFLES

Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A CANADIAN DANCER

MAUD ALLAN, who has been called the greatest classic dancer of the day, was born in Toronto, although she left there when she was about five years old to go to California, where she spent her girlhood until she went abroad to study music.

It was not until she had spent some years in the study of the piano that she found her true vocation as a dancer.

"Always," she says herself, "the sense of rhythm was strong in me. As a child I could feel the rustle of the wind in the trees, the noise of water over the pebbles of the brooks, resolve itself into music, and I would dance all by myself out in the woods in some vague idea that I had of expressing the rhythm I felt.

"I did not tell anyone my thoughts, but went on studying and playing, as my mother directed. My own chief joys were swimming, bare-back riding and piano playing, and always I have felt that my early life has given me the best possible training for my dancing.

"Sometimes a little girl has come to me with a request for help in going on the stage, and in every case I have said, 'My dear, the first thing you must do is to acquire a broad, varied education, for no art is complete without brains behind it, and the woman who has not breadth of view, as well as culture and refinement, cannot make a success in her artistic career.'

"People have told me that I must be a re-incarnation of some Greek dancer in the time of Theocritus, and perhaps I am, for it was the Greek idea to express in motion the hopes, fears, passions and regrets which rose in the hearts of men and women. Simonides called dancing 'silent poetry', and Aristotle said that all the passions of men found illustration in dancing.

"I have devoted much time to the study of ancient Hellenic literature, and art, and from these I have derived my strongest support for my views with regard to my costumes.

"In Sparta, women were taught to dance undraped before male audiences to inculcate the virtue of fearless modesty. This was called the 'Dance of Innocence,' and to me that has always been the correct idea.

"Even as a child, I detested the ugly pink fleshings worn by ballet girls. Why wear things which reveal the contour of the form and conceal the flesh? I cannot understand it, when flesh and skin are so much more beautiful. It is the man of narrow mind, of myopic vision who sees wrong in a thing that is pure and innocent.

"My costume was modeled after the dress of the Greek dancing-girls, and was patterned from a painting by Botticelli.

"I have never had any doubt as to the rightness and truth of my idea, but

I have sometimes wondered if I were a fitting person to give it expression, although I try to approach my work in the proper spirit, to feel for it the reverence which I should have for a great art in which I am making a halting advance.

"I had always wanted to dance, but my real inspiration came to me one day in Berlin, where I studied piano for five years. Often, as I played, the music would visualize into rhythmic motion, shape and pose before my eyes, and I would feel that I must express my ideas in motion. Finally, I decided to devote my life to dancing, and after much work and study, I made my debut in Vienna in 1903. My Parisian debut came in 1907, and then I danced before the King and Queen in London. When I knew that Queen Alexandra approved of my dancing, I was the happiest girl in the world, and I felt then that I had indeed found my work."

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

MAUD ALLAN

The dancer who created such a furore in England and whose imitators are legion.

MISS PATSY

GERTRUDE QUINLAN, the lighthearted young woman whose eccentric character work in *The College Widow* brought her fame in England and America, has acquired stellar honors this season in *Miss Patsy*, a farce adapted from the German by Sewell Collins.

One has some regret in recording that the play shows distinct signs of adaptation; the cracks in the joined places are rather too apparent to an observant eye. Nevertheless, it is a sprightly little farce, and those entangled in the complications, as the play-bill puts it, are capable and clever. Moreover, the audience receives it with every evidence of pleasure, so what more can a star require?

Miss Quinlan is not beautiful, therefore she goes in for eccentricity, which is perhaps wise. Her clothes are so ugly as to be startling, and in her play character she is a young person of decided, not to say declamatory, tendencies with the "buttinsky" proclivity strongly developed.

Her strongest passion is the theatre. The daughter of an old actor who had had his own stock company, and who had found it a somewhat unprofitable business, she was "born in a property room and brought up behind the scenes".

"I used to handle the stage money," she says, "and be happier than any millionaire's kid, even though I knew my father would have to pawn his watch before we could eat."

When her father died, she became the *protege* of Helen Burrelle

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

GERTRUDE QUINLAN
Starring in *Miss Patsy*

(Frances Ring), the leading woman of the stock company, and was attached to Helen's household as "companion, chaperon, gard*een* and night-watchman".

Patsy feels the importance of her position rather too much and makes herself generally objectionable to Helen's suitors as well as at the theatre. But serenely unconscious of her shortcomings she goes blissfully on her way until the office man at the theatre tells her with brutal frankness that she is the laughing-stock of the company, and that Helen is regarded as an angel for her patience with such officiousness.

Poor Miss Patsy sinks to the ground in an agony of mortification, and is crying her eyes out when she is rescued by a stalwart farmer, who has been paying his attention to Helen, but who has suddenly discovered that it is Patsy whom he really loves.

Patsy, in her own new-found happiness, does not forget Helen, and finds time to straighten out that young woman's affair with a navy officer, as well as to adjust another love-tangle before she yields herself to the protecting arms of her farmer.

The last act has, for its unique setting, the property room of the theatre, with its bare brick walls, its swords, its suits of armor and all the paraphernalia of life behind the scenes. It is a benefit night, and the property room has been made into a dressing room for the feminine members of the company. Dressing-room gossip and a Spanish dance enliven this scene, and the public, always interested in watching the wheels go round, looks with avid eyes on the wigs and paint, the rouge-paws and the powder which go to make the attractions of the mimic world.

when she was ten years old, singing in musical comedy. After one season, she went back to school for five years, returning to the stage at fifteen in *The County J. P.* For three seasons she played in musical comedy, then went into the "legitimate," as leading woman in *The Silver King*. Other plays in which she took principal parts were *The New Magdalen* and *Zira*. From

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campell

DEIRDRE DOYLE
With *Madame X.*

DEIRDRE DOYLE

AN INTERESTING little person is Deirdre Doyle, an Irish girl who is making her American debut in *Madame X.* The daughter of T. J. Doyle, a comedian who played in the Drury Lane pantomime in London for fifty years, Miss Doyle went on the stage Shakespearean plays she went to French pantomime, and from pantomime to the vaudeville stage, playing a one-act sketch written by herself.

All this was in England, and now Miss Doyle has come to this country to venture her fortune. With such a preceding career her success should be swift and certain.

PATSYISMS

One Dutchman is enough to spoil an Irish picnic.

Never drive round an obstacle when you can go right through it.

Love is like the German measles. You can have it a long time without knowing it.

I hope you have hangnails all your life.

Me a good chaperon? Why, I've taken all the ribbons at the watch-dog show for years.

Miss Patsy.

CONCERNING NEWSPAPERS

"IF WE could only print what we throw away and throw away what we print, we might have a newspaper!"

"Why should a man die in time for the afternoon papers when we're running a morning sheet?"

"A bunch of Dago kids found drowned on a basement staircase. Put three heads on it and make it stick out like a sore thumb. I'll bet it's the first time they ever saw water!"

"How long can any paper last without advertising?"

"I *would* like to read that someone was happy—just for a little while."

"When a middle-aged man goes into the newspaper business, he comes out broke and with teeth marks all over him."

An iconoclast is either a fool or a big man.

The dreamers are the people who move the world.

The man who dares to print the truth ostracizes himself from journalism.

The man who has no heart, no love in him can never be truly great. We've all got to compromise a little now and then.

This muck-raking mania of the yellow journals is making men mad.

The story of the Creation was told in three thousand words.

To the reformer the individual does not exist the people only count.

A woman can't argue or reason, she can only feel.

People who live in ice houses shouldn't throw hot water.

Yellow papers are read by shop-girls who chew gum and hang on to a strap by one hand while they hold their favorite sheet in the other.

A man and his wife may jangle now and then, but when they've been side partners for many years they *count*.

A man who is born a friend of the under dog, just naturally stays that way.

"Where is the city editor?"

"You're a reporter now. Find out."

"A girl has been caught on the suit-case circuit with a prominent married man. Shall we print it?"

"No. Let's be decent. If we do, she can never go back! If we don't—well, there's a chance."

—*The Fourth Estate.*

A SHORT STARRING TOUR

CHRYSTAL HERNE, of the wistful eyes, the cooing voice and the slender, drooping form, has lost out on her first venture as a star. A two weeks' trial was enough for the new play and then it went the way of so many other hazards of this season—to the storehouse.

An ambitious venture it was, too, with elaborate scenic investiture and a large company, which included such well-known people as Edward Abeles,

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALICE FISCHER

Whose success as "Mrs. Nolan" in *The Fourth Estate* has been one of the features of that play

Louise Closser Hale and William Lewers.

Miss Herne played the name part, *Miss Philura*, that of a little country girl, who found herself losing her youth and beauty in the narrow environment of a small New England village, where she had been starved for love and gayety and pretty clothes and all the things dear to the youthful feminine heart. Her one prayer is always, "Oh God, send me someone to love me."

Just as things are at their worst, she receives an unexpected invitation to the house of a wealthy cousin in Boston, where she imbibes the principles of the "New Thought". With New England literalness, she believes that if a religion is good for spiritual exaltation, it is good for the exigencies of everyday life, and she takes as her working principle, the Scriptural maxim, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Whose starring tour in *Miss Philura* had such a disastrous ending

"Why not?" says Miss Philura, and so she redecorates and refurnishes her house, orders new frocks, hats and lingerie by the trunk-full, although she has no idea whence will come the money to pay for them, and she even decides that her hitherto hopeless love for the young pastor of her church must be returned, and that then her greatest desire, someone to love her, will be gratified.

And lo! All these things come to pass, even as she had expected. She sells her house and obtains sufficient money to pay off all her bills; the pastor's impossible wife is discovered to have had a previous husband who is mysteriously resurrected from a supposed grave, and the final curtain falls with Miss Philura triumphant in the success of what an irreverent friend terms her "betting system."

It is a somewhat dangerous doctrine and perhaps it is as well for the tailors of the country that *Miss Philura* has been put on the shelf, for in real life,

alas! we find that debt is certain and the wherewithal to pay is scarce and difficult to find, and as for love—well—"never the time and the place and the loved one all together."

It is said that the leaders of the Christian Science church approve the play, but unfortunately for Miss Herne, the dear deluded public refuses to be as complacent, and so it is "back to the shop" for *Miss Philura*.

FROM "MISS PHILURA"

"YOU can't be a Christian on $900 a year."

"You can't be anything else."

"There are a lot of nice young girls withering on the parent stalk in New England, but after all, I can't help out but one."

Time was when the possession of wealth saved one trouble, now it invites it.

The spirit of the age is the spirit of love.

We can all be mistaken sometimes—even the youngest of us.

THE THING THAT COUNTS

BY JOHN B. JEFFERY

THE harder you're thrown, the higher you bounce.
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're whipped that counts,
But how did you fight, and why?

And though you be done near to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Then the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce;
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're whipped that counts,
But how did you fight and why?

THE ANNUAL SIEGE

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

IN THE spring a woman's fancy lightly
turns to cleaning house.
In the spring the soapy water she will
vigorously douse
On the window-glass and mirrors, while
her husband hies away
To some dingy spot of refuge, to escape
the direful day.

In the spring a newer polish tints the
burnished kitchen stove,
In the spring your coats and trousers
o'er the alley fence are hove—
(Maybe "hove" is wrong to use here,
but it surely fits the case.)
In the spring a smudge of cobwebs deco-
rates the housewife's face.

In the spring you come home weary and
as through the wreck you creep
You discover there's no dinner and
you've not a place to sleep,
And when gently you remark that there
might be a saner plan
For house-cleaning, shrills a chorus:
"Huh! Well, that's just like a
man!"

WHAT IS WANTED

WE ARE in receipt of a letter addressed to us in recognition of our position as a publicist, sociologist, humanitarian and philosopher, asking us to emit a few views on the possibility of putting college and university men in action against lawlessness. While we are ready and eager to join in any movement to subjugate the lawless, we are not of the opinion that lawlessness is what bothers our college young men. As we sit and pen these feeling lines we see eight youths in high-water trousers and pancake hats, carrying slender canes adorned with bunches of ribbons, strolling along the thoroughfare, and ever and anon opening their mouths to assert, in tones that may be heard in Hamilton, if the wind is right, that something or other is rah-rah-rah. Far be it from us to ask that the natural spirits of the young should be stifled, but we will stand for a little lawlessness if we can have a little rah-rahlessness.

WHICH?

"VOTES for Women!" demanded the lady orator. "In some parts of the world the women are still harnessed to the plow."

"Then," observed the man in the crowd, "what you want is oats for women."

A HYPOTHETICAL ESTIMATE

"BUT I know what I am talking about!" argues the man with the dewlap side-whiskers.

"You do?" shouts the man with the corrugated brow. "You do? Say! If you only knew half as much as I think you don't know you'd know twice as much as you do know!"